



Pax et bonum.

THE FRANCISCAN

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THE ENGLISH NOVICES' CONFERENCE
HILFIELD, JANUARY 1969



The Pearl

THE merchant who spent his life buying valuable stones found a pearl of such value that he sold all the rest to buy it.

In this issue we look for such a pearl. Pearls are found in oysters. Oyster shells are hard and difficult to open. Not every oyster contains a pearl, so it is a gamble which we choose to tackle.

The formidable shell of Christian dogmatics has at its heart the experience of Christ. The local church aims to worship this Christ and witness to Him. The religious communities stand above all else for the death-resurrection experience of commitment to Him. And each Christian in his individual moral choices, and in his relationship to the world, seeks to discover the truth of Christ.

The contributors have been asked to write about integrity in a personal way. Amidst complexities they grope. It is Teilhard de Chardin who says 'Like you I am groping . . . but is not groping the common labour of those who believe? And upon this groping doesn't God send the truly creative action of His light?'

With such light and in such labour may we all find the one pearl.

The Minister General's Letter

April, 1969.

LITTLE PORTION FRIARY.

My dear friends,

Lent and Easter have been very busy but exciting times for me this year and now only a few days are left before I leave the American Province. Since the O.S.F. and the S.S.F. became one Society I have spent two periods of six months each at Little Portion. They have been very joyous times and I am grateful for the loving way in which the brothers and also the Nuns at Maryhill have received me—so these few days are a little sad for me.

This morning at the Poor Clares' Convent, Bishop Voegli received the Life Vows of Sister Mary Ursula and the Reverend Mother allowed me to assist and also Brother Robert and the friars to provide the choir. It was a very beautiful service and a great happiness to the Reverend Mother and the Sisters and the Brothers to have another Sister as a Life member of our family.

I hope to return in September to America for a short visit in order to preach at the jubilee service of the founding of O.S.F. when we hope to honour our founder, Father Joseph, and also to fulfil an engagement at the Cathedral of S. John the Divine in New York.

As many of you know Brother Paul, the Provincial, and Brother Lawrence and I paid a quick visit to England for the Chapter at which our revised Constitution was ratified. A great deal of work has been done on the Constitution in the last two years but mostly the heavy work was done by Brother Hugh and we are most grateful to him. At Chapter Brother Hugh asked to be relieved of the Guardianship of Glasshampton and this was allowed with many regrets. Brother Hugh is remaining at Glasshampton to finish the building work and to fulfil some other commitments and then he has asked to be allowed to take a period of solitude at the little hermitage near the Hilfield Friary.

Changes have been made in the Constitution of the S.S.F. and one very big change is that all offices have been made open to any life-professed Friar, whether ordained or not. Such offices as those of Ministers and Guardians are spiritual and pastoral offices and some Brothers including Brother Hugh believe that such a change is contrary to our principles and also involves the theology of the ordained priest-

hood but a very large majority of the Chapter Brethren were in favour of the change. With Brother Hugh this matter is one involving his conscience so seriously that he feels unable to continue to hold office in the Society. This is a great sorrow to him and to me—and to all of us. However there are those of us, including myself, who feel strongly that these offices do not necessarily require that they be held by a priest-Friar nor that this change involves the theology of priesthood. I have to admit that over the last few years I have changed considerably in the way I think and believe about many things concerning the S.S.F. and indeed the Church. I find it very hard not to be at one with Brother Hugh in this matter. But I do honour his stand by his conscience and am deeply sorry that he is having to bear this heavy burden that I have been partly instrumental in bringing about. The many changes that are taking place in the Church and the Society must be lived through in prayer and love and I ask the prayers of you all for all of us now.

The tragic death of Brother Simon came as a very severe shock to us on the eve of our Chapter. Brother Simon and I were novices together at Glasshampton in 1949 and that has always been a great bond between us. His death means a tremendous loss to the S.S.F. but even in our sadness so much joy has come from the wonderful tributes that have come in. Not least was a resolution passed by the Brisbane Diocesan Council expressing tremendous appreciation of Simon and his life and work and witness. He will always be remembered for his great work over many years at S. Francis school and then at the Friary where he looked after the estate and too as our pioneer in Australia. Our love and sympathy goes out to Mrs. Clarke and Simon's two sisters.

Brother Geoffrey and his brother and aunt have also been in great sorrow. For Mrs. Pearson, who had been ill for some time, died only a day or two after Brother Geoffrey had left home for the Pacific. It was a very hard decision that he had to make to leave at that time but as always he felt that the community's work called him. I very much hope that he will be back in England as soon as necessary things have been settled in the Pacific and especially in Brisbane in order that he may help his aunt and brother with the many re-arrangements that they will have to make. The Brothers and Sisters and all the Franciscan family and friends are holding up Geoffrey and his brother and aunt with our love and prayers.

I hope to get about in England to see the Brothers in the various houses and work and to conduct some retreats in the next few months. Now I want again to thank Brother Paul and all the brethren in the American Province and the Reverend Mother and Sisters, P.C.Rep., the Tertiaries and Companions and many other friends of the Society for so much kindness and support.

Affectionately yours,

David S.S.F.

Minister General.

Simon

Noviced in the Community : 1947

Professed : 1951

Simon was killed while climbing in Australia on 27 January, 1969. His ashes were brought home by Brother Timothy and were buried in the Friary cemetery on 14 February, 1969.

Sermon preached at Brother Simon's funeral at the Friary, Hilfield, by Brother Michael S.S.F.

*Wisdom 3 : 9. ' Those who trust in Him will understand truth ;
And the faithful in love will abide in Him ;
For Grace and Mercy are upon His elect,
And He watches over His chosen ones '.*

SIMON first came to the Friary as a schoolboy from Harrow—at a time when, to use his own words, it was ' difficult to keep going '. He came to discover himself, but what I think he found was a new experience of love, and his vocation. He came back again, first as a soldier in the Guards during the war, then as a Prep. School master, and finally to be a friar. He began to find himself—or should we say, let God find him—as he helped Owen in the School at Hooke, then again at the Friary in charge of the estate, and finally as Guardian of the Friary in Brisbane, going out with William to pioneer the work in Australia.

In some ways the combination of public schoolboy, Guards officer and schoolmaster never entirely left him (and at times we were all obliged to submit to his hearty determination to get things done !) as, with a dog at his heels, he dominated the work on the buildings and the fields about here. It was no doubt the same in Australia, where his concerns ranged from cows to criminals—loving both with an equal, though different, love.

Yet there was no real arrogance in him at all. His whole life from boyhood had within it a sensitive and humble longing after truth, and the realisation of a personal vision of God, whom he could trust with his whole life.

His friends recognised a big change taking place in him when he came home for the General Chapter three years ago, and gave at the end of it a paper which was, as much as anything, a confession of faith—in God, in the Community, and in his own vocation. Unlike other papers at the Chapter, this very personal statement was, for us all, daring and disturbing. It was also, if one may say such a thing, authentically Franciscan.

He said :

‘ All I can offer is a vision—a personal and fragmentary vision. My vision was one day seeing a tree without wanting to put a name to it. And it was like seeing a tree for the first time ; it was in fact a vision of a tree, of what a tree really was. What I am trying to say is this—you know me, you’ve known my interest in natural history, in knowing the names of flowers and bushes—some of that was good and some of it bad. And the bad part was when I was only interested in a tree for another end apart from itself. When I could see the tree to add to a list, to boost my own knowledge, to be pleased with myself that I could recognise six different types of pine. And although this vision was sharp and distinct, it didn’t confine itself to trees. In the early days when I was at the School, we used to go for great Saturday walks. It was all unsystematic and with the minimum of purpose or planning—but looking back on it now, hardly any of the later successes at football or cricket had such an impact and deep satisfaction either on me or the boys as those first Saturday walks. You can see the two visions are all one—their beauty and their truth was in their own right. We didn’t walk in order to train for another event, we just enjoyed the event itself.

And in a small way, the event brought healing and, I think you could say, Grace.

‘And in this vision there was Communion ; I suppose you say I read too many fairy stories if I say the tree and I could talk, but at least we understood each other. What are all the stories with Francis and the creatures but a heightening in poetry of the same thing ? Francis didn’t want to use the fish, nor did he ever wish to moralise about them ; all he was doing was rejoicing that they were there. In the language of aphorism, he had no desire to improve the occasion. And so with those walks ; I liked walking—they liked walking. I didn’t go for walks under a sense of duty or a feeling that it had therapeutic value, and so we had more communion, more understanding of each other in depth than I ever got on the cricket field.

‘In a way I suppose you could say this is a vision of childhood. It is the vision of spontaneity and absorbment in the present which is part of its essence. I know when I am most truly myself, I am nearest this vision ; I know when I am using people, situations, things, to gain ends, to build up something else, when my interest is less in them and more in some unreal situation in the future, then I am at my most pompous, most worldly, fundamentally most unloving, even though my intentions can be justified. You can see it, if you like, in terms of justified and unjustified’.

He came to recognise the truth and place his whole trust in God, who is Truth. There is a good deal in his paper about death—indeed they are his opening words—but there is even more about life, and when, as he was climbing, his hands slipped, he fell into that eternal life of which he was already aware with a deep certainty, and into those everlasting arms whose strength he had already tested.

And so he grew in love as he grew in Grace. Grew, as he recognised the need, not of the boys in the school for us, but of *our* needs, to which the boys in their own way minister. Grew in Australia, not because he had gone there primarily to do good—or *do* anything. ‘The Friary’, he said, ‘is a school of life. This also is a Poverty, a Poverty of objective. All these months I have been in Australia I have continually heard the refrain : “What is your work going to be, what is your objective ?” And more and more I tend to reply : ‘Our work is to learn to try and live—and our objective is just Jesus’.’

‘ The Community exists because we need each other, and none of us can be whole or be saved without the other. What God has given us is not some law by which we can go about doing his work. He has given us each other ’.

As Simon grew in faith, so he grew in love—a love which, while never rejecting a personal need, could become a greater love for all men. A man greatly loved, and greatly loving, with that love which is a gift of Grace.

And this is the final matter. Grace and Mercy are upon His chosen ones—and He has a care for His elect. So God chose Simon, as He chooses each one of us, to live by Grace—to share His glory and enter into eternal life. To know here and now that eternal life which is the blessed assurance promised us by Christ and declared to us in His Resurrection. To see the Glory of God in a tree—and share with others the ever increasing glory of a private vision in trust and love, a glory which we see only in part and understand in part—through a glass darkly—but which we rejoice to know that he now sees, ‘ face to face ’. And for this we have come to give thanks to God.

The life of Grace and Glory is the same.

The life of Grace is, by another name, heaven on earth.

And death is but a change in range and nothing strange.

So I believe it to be for Simon—and so may it be for us all.

Sermon preached at Requiem for Brother Simon S.S.F. at S. John's Cathedral, Brisbane, on 31 January, 1969, by the Revd. Canon David L. Thawley.

Ps. 94 : 18. ‘ When I said, My foot hath slipt : thy mercy, O Lord, held me up ’.

If I had been able to tell Simon that I had been asked to perform this office for him, I can imagine what he would have said. He would have smiled and said, ‘ Well, I don't know, David, but I wouldn't go on too long, if I were you ’. He would not have wanted a great fuss made. He would not have wanted anything exaggerated to be said. Even apart from this it would not be seemly to intrude upon that part of his life in which he belonged more particularly to his own family of brothers in the Society of S. Francis. You, brothers of S. Francis, have your own memories of Simon of which you can only speak to one another. It is not for me to say anything about these.

But the Lord's family knows no boundaries and so, in another sense, he was our brother too and at this service it is right that someone should try to frame words to express at least something of what he has been for many people who came to know him. This is not easy. He himself had a wonderful delicacy and fineness of perception which often, I think, made anything we said seem clumsy in comparison with what he said. But, clumsily or not, as we gather here to pray for our brother, many of you, and I too, would also like to say 'thank you' to God for him.

Although I knew several of the friars in England, I did not meet Simon until he came out to Australia. I cannot speak of his life before that. What it was that led the young army officer with so many gifts and so many worldly advantages to put these on one side twenty or more years ago and to become a friar I do not know. Probably it is not for us to know. It is something between him and God. God called him and he answered, as blessed Francis had once done. When he came to Australia five or six years ago he was already a person of depth, maturity and experience. That, no doubt, was why his community chose him to lead the small band of brothers who came out at the invitation of our Archbishop to set up a friary here and to begin in this diocese their work of service in the spirit and manner of S. Francis.

It was not an easy task. We did not always understand the particular character of the friars' work. We would have liked perhaps something tidier, more highly organized, more efficient on paper, with carefully defined areas of responsibility. But Simon knew that although that has its place it always brings with it the danger that the true freedom to be available to people in all their highly individual needs will be lost. He knew that the friars' work was simply to move among us, as our Lord did, as men that serve, and that service may take many forms and cannot always be tidily channelled and organized. He did not complain. But I think we could have helped him more. He must at times have found us rather crass and slow to understand. Certainly he felt the burden and those who knew him well know that he often looked very tired and a good deal older than his years.

Yet, with all this, there went an undercurrent of great spiritual strength and serenity. He was so ready to talk and to listen and to be a companion and friend that one could forget that he had many other concerns besides oneself. At least this is how I always found him

and I think that many others did too. He put himself at our disposal with a wonderful kindness and gentle affection.

Of course Simon always bore the mark of his past. He was always an Englishman, and an Englishman of a very particular type. I do not mean this in any nationalistic sense. Nothing would have been more distasteful to him and he loved Australia. It was just that he never made any attempt to be what he was not. Simon never put on airs. He was the same to us all and took it for granted that we accepted him as naturally as he accepted us. To him such things were not important. Those who know him know that he was a humble man who found great joy in simple things.

With his God, although one hesitates to speak of this, Simon was always a son, not a servant. He lived as a son and, I think, prayed as a son. A fierce, rigid, dogmatic attitude was quite foreign to him. He knew himself to be a son who erred. He knew that there were many things of which he was uncertain and many things hard to understand, and he never pretended that it was otherwise. But no-one who saw Simon serve at the altar or administer the chalice or handle the Word of God as a preacher with such extraordinary sensitiveness and freshness of understanding could ever doubt that he was a person of deep and humble faith and godly fear. He was a true son in his Father's house. For this reason he was a strength to others in a way that many of a more authoritarian cast of mind are not. We found in him something that is rather rare. He always claimed to be a very ordinary person, but, in some way hard to define, there was about him a touch of greatness.

There is much else that I might say. I have not mentioned his love and understanding of animals, which had nothing sentimental about it, nor have I spoken of the peace and joy he found in the countryside and in climbing. It is sufficient to say that he would not have wished to end his life in any other way than he did—pitting himself against some hard rock face out in the open.

Because of the person he was, I am sure that on the day of that fatal fall, when he slipped, nevertheless the Lord's mercy held and holds him up. To that same mercy of the Lord we commit him with confident and thankful hearts. And we pray too for his mother and for his sisters, and for his brothers of the family of S. Francis here and in other parts of the world.

It may seem for the moment to you, his brothers, that your foot has slipped too with the death of Simon your guardian, but the Lord's mercy will hold up you also. God uses our losses as well as our gains in his plans. It may be that he will use this great loss to draw us closer to you and you to us. That would please Simon. He would, I think, be satisfied.

May he rest in peace.

Quarterly Chronicle

Brother Michael writes from Fiwila ;

ENGLISH PROVINCE I am writing this from our house in Africa. It is the rather delayed end of the rainy season, and outside there is a raging storm such as only the tropics can produce. It is Holy Saturday, and preparations are in hand for the first mass of Easter beginning tonight at 10.0. Tomorrow morning at 5.30 I am due to leave with Father Stephen in the Land Rover for a trip of several hundred miles to visit, and take services at, a number of stations (that is, provided we can get through !) because one dominating fact about Fiwila is the roads. The road out of the Mission for many miles is a dirt road, hardly made up at all. It crosses several rivers or bridges that are sometimes just a precarious collection of wood—likely to be swept away in rain. In any case the end of the rains means roads which have been largely washed away in places, with up to a foot deep soft sand, wide puddles and very thick mud. All the brethren accept the fact that when you start a journey there is no possibility of saying exactly when you will get back—it might be hours or days late ! The Friary has a Bedford lorry, and a Land Rover, and both have to be serviced thoroughly after every trip. They are the life-line of the Mission. Everything has to be brought out to the Mission from Kabwe, the nearest town—one hundred and seventeen miles away. There is no telephone (the nearest is forty miles off) and the brethren are on call to take seriously sick patients from the hospital here to Kabwe Hospital. A week ago we set off in convoy to collect stores, but also to deliver three patients, strapped on a stretcher : a man who in a fit had fallen in the fire and burnt off the sole of his foot, a young woman with an unsuccessful abortion, and an old man who had entirely severed the artery of his hand with an

axe. There was some risk in going, the lorry had not been able to get through for two months. In fact, half way there we became bogged down in heavy mud, and in torrential rain. By good fortune we were eventually towed out and got through. We also visited a lad at the hospital who had been mauled by a lion—a less usual risk (I was assured by Francis that the lions and elephants are ‘in the next valley’!) but not exceptional. Africans go in for unusual names. This lad’s name is *Wine*, we also have Schubert and Concertina on the Mission.

It may be remote ; but I am sure it is the right place for us to be. The mission is very much like the life of Hilfield, with just as rich a variety of people : the boys and girls at the school, the mission hospital where the two Sisters are doing a magnificent job, the village of Morey, where the leprosarium has its own communal life (it reminds me in some way of Papworth Village Settlement where I recovered from T.B. before joining the Community), all the outlying villages and farms, where the brethren minister (there are seventeen different places) and the mission house in the middle with its courtyard and the brothers’ rooms and a guesthouse in the garden. The valley itself has been described before—its hills and wonderful view, very different from the Blackmoor Vale—but the idea’s the same. In fact, when I arrived and was taken through the garden to my room, the remoteness, the oil lamps and candles, the rough road to get here, and the gratifying sense of timelessness all seemed like Cerne Abbas in the war years : a place where it is possible to arrive at a sense of proportion once more. The retreat here and Holy Week have both belonged to an essential element which seems valid and true to the Franciscan life as it is developing in our Society. Lepers and schoolboys, Desmond turning the bush into a garden and Francis (miraculously !) visiting villages on a bicycle, the whole Mission with all the lovable children sharing in the Liturgy on Good Friday, all this seems a familiar part of a familiar pattern which, apparently unplanned, has become the authentic expression of our life. It is as likely to appear here as in Jegarata, or Long Island, or Alnmouth. Nothing could have given me a greater assurance of the rightness of our being here, or made me more grateful to find myself so much at home. I take it all so much for granted that I feel I could have been here all my life—with that sense of perpetually renewed wonder we all have when confronted with the familiar. Perhaps that is the open secret of Easter. May every Resurrection joy be yours.

On Wednesday in Easter Week Brother Desmond will be professed in Life Vows—the first of our brethren to be professed in Africa. He is doing superbly well.

There are, of course, other sides to the story, and my visit to Africa has made me realise the many complexities and problems, not only of Zambia, but of all the nations of this continent. Apartheid, Africanisation, sudden riches and terrible poverty, the mistakes of missions, as well as the wonderful contribution they have made, all this and much more leads me to believe we should be here, not only to serve but to learn. Certainly our Brothers and Sisters are in a very significant outpost of the Society and we must be truly grateful for their witness and their work.

We have seen some good events in the recent months. Firstly **CERNE ABBAS** the community retreat, taken by Father Paulinus O.P., of Blackfriars, Oxford, ending in a full day conference with the conductor. Soon after we had the Novices' Conference (all twenty-six of them, and four from Compton Durville !), the first in our history. The Novices had a chance of discovering common trends of thought and outlook ; it was good to see the real unity that exists among them, and there was the valuable opportunity of meeting the senior brethren on a deep level of understanding. We concluded very appropriately with the profession of Brother Edmund.

In a flash the First Order Chapter was upon us, with the joy of getting to know our American brothers, Paul and Lawrence. It was good also to have the Minister General back, and Brothers Geoffrey and William from Australia. Chapter closed with a gay night, led by Ronald and William on their instruments, and followed by Lawrence's entertaining account of his work in New York, interspersed with amusing americanisms. It was a jolly and memorable ending to a week of much work and happy experience.

The last of our 'events' was the bible study conference led by the Revd. Robert Garrard of the Bible Society ; it was much appreciated by many of the Brethren.

The Profession of Brothers Anthony James and Bruce on S. David's Day was a happy family occasion, and so was the Novicing of Brother Malcolm on 25 March, all signs of the pressing onward in the life of the Society. We were glad to welcome the Revd. Kenneth Davies from his Worcestershire parish ; he was made Postulant on 15 March, and has now gone to Alnmouth.

The Brethren who took part in the various Lent Courses gave very encouraging reports, and those who went to Bemerton were proud to boast, 'I've slept in George Herbert's bedroom'.

The Guest-house has seen much use recently, there is an increase in the number of groups coming to stay with us. We had men from the Royal Naval Establishments 'Fishguard' and 'Raleigh' with their chaplains ; another was a party of students from Bath, and recently a group of young men and clergy from Grayford, Kent.

During Lent we decided to *say* evensong, using the Grail version of the psalms. We continue to experiment with this ; however at Easter we sang the office and the Gelineau canticles.

Brother Neville sadly had an accident whilst staying in London, but after a brief stay in hospital he is happily back with us.

Early this year we took our part once again in the Week of Prayer
CAMBRIDGE for Christian Unity. Officially we play a smaller part now as Brother Barnabas has retired after a number of years as secretary. Saint Bene't's Church is still used for the midday prayers during the week. This year all the churches were invited to give up their own evening services and to meet together in the large Baptist Church. This worked out well and there must have been close on a thousand people worshipping together.

During the term we continued our small coffee parties in the house, enjoying the company of about a dozen of those who worship at Saint Bene't's. We are sometimes a bit squashed but we believe that those who come enjoy the evening as we do ourselves.

On four Sunday afternoons we had arranged for speakers, following tea in the aisle of the church. On one Sunday many of his friends were delighted to welcome Brother Geoffrey, speaking of the Pacific Province. Professor Nineham spoke very vigorously and interestingly on 'Reading the Gospels today'. Miss Judith Brown out of her experience of India spoke on 'India in Transition', and Doctor George Hart out of his medical experience on 'The problem of organ Transplantation'.

The Reverend Ben Forster, Chaplain of Bedford School, was the preacher in Holy Week this year, and conducted the Three Hours' Devotion. We know that many were grateful to him for his quiet truthfulness and sincerity.

It is unfortunate that our powers of giving away have been severely handicapped by the heavy expenses of work which must be done on the Church fabric.

Pastoral work of different kinds goes on day by day, Brother Jonathan has spoken to different groups in the colleges, and we are all of us in touch with various people, whom we have come to know as a result of living here month after month. The decision, not to leave, but to live in this small house, seems to have been the right one.

The boys returned on the Tuesday of Holy Week, so we were confronted
HOOKE with a 'holiday' weekend only a few days after the beginning of term.

We kept Maundy Thursday with an evening mass of the Last Supper and a watch in which a few boys joined. I am sure that the highlight of the week was the chapel service of music and reading which we went to as a school for the last period of the morning. Brother Lawrence's care and thought resulted a very genuine preaching of the cross in which we all felt we had shared.

Easter was blessed with a persistence of the fine weather, on the Monday we had a staff versus boys football match with the traditional result and all (or nearly)

went off to the pictures in Yeovil to see the adventures of Lucy the elephant who, we were led to suppose, crossed the Alps in the last war, and then of another elephant who met Peter Sellers at a party.

We do need your prayers as it is not always (or hardly ever in term) possible to keep things going as much as is normally possible for a friar, and in this situation the prayers of our friends and of the community are of incalculable value.

Lent has seen us involved in a series of experimental services devised
PLAISTOW and conducted by the congregation, and followed by group discussion.

We are seeking to explore more fully the resources of the congregation through this means, and are also working hard at improving the facilities at S. Philip's. On Palm Sunday a Passion-mime with folk music and Michel Quoist prayers was performed by our young people together with the West Ham Central Mission. On the Monday and Tuesday the lay people of the Mission conducted services at S. Philip's, and on Wednesday there were house meetings. The unity of divided Christians becomes very clear at these times but the division is there too as we learnt again at our separate Eucharists on Maundy Thursday, and when some of us attended a service of Believers' Baptism and Communion on Easter Sunday. Now we move on to our Annual Church Meeting and the Patronal Festival, at which Brother Michael is preaching.

Brother Donald has had a busy time with Missions and Lent Courses ; he is at present at S. Augustine's, Wisbech. He pays a fortnightly visit to Wormwood Scrubs prison, and after taking a service for all the young prisoners visits them in their cells, sometimes for as long as five hours at a stretch. He even went on Easter Sunday. Brother Anthony, whose recent profession was a great joy, is at the Gatehouse but comes to us for a day a week and he sings in our folk group. Brother Gregory has painted the Chapel most beautifully, and is fast becoming part of the local scene. Brother Samuel has been on a Church Army Mission recently, and soon goes for six weeks to our Tertiary, Norman Hill, at Brixton, much of whose work is amongst immigrants. Brother Neville hurt his back whilst on a visit and had three weeks in the London Hospital. Brother Dominic is doing well in his social work course : he lost his father recently. Sister Lucy works very hard at her home nursing and at S. Cedd's, and is going on Stage One of the diocesan group work course shortly. Our larger and diverse family is enriched by many visitors, including recently Father Parrassion of the Armenian Church in the Lebanon.

In the last three months the Brothers have preached in every
ALNMOUTH Methodist Chapel in this area of Northumberland, some of them quite remote pit-villages. This has been done with the full support and encouragement of the local clergy. In discussing the impressions we have gained, three things stood out as lessons to us : firstly, a deep and powerful sense of fellowship and belonging in each of the congregations ; secondly, a real grasp of understanding as to the position of the layman as having a vital role of ministry in the Church ; and thirdly, the use of hymns as a vehicle of prayer and praise : to hear these often small congregations *sing* has been a revelation ! In the fishing

village of Craster, Brother Nathanael has been conducting a joint Lent Course with the Methodists, alternating between the church buildings. The result has been to bring a new life and enthusiasm which has amazed the villagers who up till then had got used to seeing their churches going their own individual ways.

After Easter, Brother Harold left us for Glasshampton as he feels drawn to lead a fuller life of prayer than is possible in an ordinary Friary, with so much going on. His going is a very real loss to the House, particularly as in recent years he has done a quite remarkable work in training of the postulants in their first steps into the Religious Life. Brother Arnold has also left the North. His going will not least be felt by those living on the housing estate in Alnwick where he has been doing an outstanding job up and down the roads during his six month stay with us on a really tough piece of work by any standards.

The annual residential conference for employees of the Lancashire
WARRINGTON Division of the British Steel Corporation at Scargill House was attended by sixty-seven men. All levels were represented from apprentice to director, and most of the trade unions active in the Steel Industry had members among those taking part. The theme was 'What price freedom—a conference to examine individual freedom in relation to industrial demands'. It was lively from the start, and the general report afterwards was that it had been challenging and helpful—one of the best conferences. It was generally agreed that the biggest obstacles to good industrial relations are envy, fear and greed. All the discussion groups reported that trust and confidence between all parties in industry is a vital necessity. Follow-up groups are considering how such trust and confidence might be developed.

The local Council of Churches and the Focolare meetings have stimulated interest in the Samaritan telephone service, and training sessions have begun.

Our adventure courses for boys in industry are now well under way. The Spring courses at Nash Court in Shropshire still show in a most wonderful way how concernedly and responsibly the average young worker can talk about life when given the freedom and opportunity to do so. We hope that more younger members of our community will be able to take part in these courses. Quite apart from helping to reduce their weight (!) it is important to see from this experience how effectively the Christian Faith can be taught through adventurous experiences.

Brother Owen writes :—

WHITECHAPEL Our life here and mine in particular has been overshadowed since Christmas by the tragic death of Hugh Prewett. He took his life in his little flat in Wood Green, where he had only recently moved, on 30 January. He must have been in the depths of depression and physically under the weather. Also it seems that the effort of bringing two parts of his life together was too much : that part that enjoyed giving happiness to people with his guitar and singing and his talent as a hairdresser, and that part that wanted a home of his own with a wife. The strain broke him.

Hugh was a colourful person in character as in his choice of clothing. He was very sensitive and thoughtful and so—easily hurt. I well remember him as a small boy of 12, when I accepted him during the summer holidays of 1961, for entry to Saint Francis School in the September. His love of singing was very noticeable and he sung for a short time in the Beaminster church choir. He really came into his own when he took up the guitar and folk singing. Many of us have enjoyed listening to him playing and singing to all hours of the night. He came on several trips abroad with others and myself and always his singing and playing were a passport.

My memories of him are happy ones although he could, of course, be annoying and obstinate and shockingly careless of money and things. My anxieties and fears were that he would have some frightful accident in the car which was such a joy to him and very often a means of escape. His end (through coal gas poisoning) was to me unexpected and inexplicable.

Our memories of Hugh must not be sad. I for one shall always be grateful to him for his trust, companionship and affection. Of all my 'flat mates' he was the only one who had no-one of his own and he looked upon me as his father. And though I have lost a 'son' am grateful to God for him. Some words of the Archbishop of Canterbury help me much. 'Faith is not security away from darkness, it is the will to go on with darkness all around'.

I am grateful to the young men in our flat here and all my other friends for the enormous kindness and understanding that they have shown me. We are raising a small fund in Hugh's memory for something for the school at Hooke, of which he was head boy in 1965.

Brother Mark writes :—

ASHTON-UNDER-LYNE We are deeply grateful for the wonderful support we have had for this new project. There has been a very generous response from our Tertiaries in cash and in kind and we have received an abundance of good furniture and equipment locally with much voluntary help from Borstal lads, schoolboys, magistrates, schoolteachers, probation officers and their wives, the Round Table, and others. We even received a good telly the other day from some friendly local publicans who couldn't get ITV on it. We are pleased to say we can !

I hope the house will become generally known as *Heathfield*, which is I imagine its baptismal name given to it by its original owner. Space won't permit a detailed description, but I will say it is difficult to imagine a place more suited to the purpose—a solid ten-roomed (plus large basement) Victorian house. And to think the Corporation were considering pulling it down ! We are grateful to them and thank God they gave it to this use instead.

Two people have been mainly responsible for the groundwork that has made this project possible : Mr. Charles Jones, the Senior Probation Officer at Ashton-under-Lyne, and Mr. Michael Coombs, the Governor of Hindley Borstal near Wigan. Mr. Jones knew the community long before the war. Mr. Coombs' late mother was one of our Tertiaries. They and others now form our support committee.

After visiting Hindley Borstal and Ashton in June last year, I moved up here in October and into the house on 23 November when there were still six old people living here waiting to be rehoused by the Corporation. I began visiting some lads in Hindley Borstal at once, Leon, Sidney, and Andrew, our founder-members-to-be. We thought it would be May or June before the house could be ready to receive them. But it became clear that they could be released before that and Sister Alison Mary C.S.F., and our novice Brother Jerome were so keen to come that we put our skates on and converted and redecorated the two great empty attics to take Sister and a staff room in one and Brother Jerome and three lads in the other as a temporary arrangement.

Sister and Brother Jerome came up on 7 February in the blizzard. We are very happy working together. Sister has been wonderfully patient and efficient with make-do temporary arrangements for cooking but I'm glad to report that the kitchen is now well on the way to completion. Brother Jerome is a great asset as a decorator and general handyman.

A number of lads have already stayed on a temporary basis. One is with us at present. Of the three 'originals', Leon, was the first to come on home leave but absconded. Sad ; and we don't know yet what will happen when he reappears in Court. Andrew has now been on home leave and Sidney is with us at present. Both will be coming on discharge on 10 April. It now looks as though we may achieve our original target to have the single bedrooms ready by May or June and the house in running order with central heating.

Brother Michael has visited the house twice—the second time to bless it. Brother Arnold has stayed two nights and we look forward to a visit from Brother Dominic after Easter. We shall hope to have a house-warming when the right moment comes.

We ask your prayers for Sister Beatrice, who will be making her **FREELAND** life profession in the presence of the Bishop Protector on 28 May.

Those of you who know Freeland may be interested to learn that we have taken over the cottage as part of the Enclosure, and it is now the home of our novices. They seem to be enjoying it very much, and it leaves more scope for development at the Convent.

Not much news this time. Lent has come and gone **COMPTON DURVILLE** far too rapidly and now we are enjoying Eastertide in glorious spring sunshine. The daffodils in the wild garden all came out just in time but with the high winds many have been blown down. We really are lucky to have landed in such a lovely spot.

There has been little change in the Home in recent months, and the season of summer visitors has started well. From now on we expect to have a full guest-house and we look forward to welcoming the many parties which usually come our way once the warmer weather makes coach trips enjoyable.

During Lent we organised the same kind of discussion groups in the hamlet as last year, but this time asked different neighbours to act as host each week. We

felt the experiment had been a happy one for all concerned. School visits continue and we recently had a party of girls for a three-day school of prayer. We hope this may be the first of many more similar events.

May we take this opportunity of announcing our open day and festival of Corpus Christi to be held on Saturday, 7 June. As usual we shall begin with a sung eucharist at mid-day. All are welcome. Please note the date.

Brother Geoffrey writes :—

PACIFIC PROVINCE This year will, God willing, see the establishment of our first house in New Zealand. As you know, there is a growing number of Tertiaries and Companions who have been praying that the brothers may start work there. It now seems likely that we shall be coming to Auckland towards the end of the year. I have had a long talk with Brother Reginald who is to lead the venture. He and I are contemporaries and worked together for a short time both in Cambridge and in the East End of London. He will be doing the annual New Zealand tour which this year will be in October and November, and will then stay and get the house started. The team will also include an American and a Pacific Island Brother. The American is Brother Michael Thomas who comes from California and who will be sailing from San Francisco on 23 June and having a time in Australia and New Guinea before joining Brother Reginald. The Pacific Islander will be Brother Colin from Malaita in the Solomons who has done splendid work in Jegarata. It will be his first experience of a country that is predominantly white. So we shall be a very mixed team from the ends of the earth, and I know the Kiwis will give them a warm welcome and make them feel quickly at home. Do remember the brothers in your prayers as they prepare, and all of us who are concerned with arrangements and plans for this venture.

Brother Geoffrey writes :—

BRISBANE It was in January, 1965, that Simon and William arrived in Brisbane. Simon had been chosen as the leader of the team that was to establish a Franciscan House in Brisbane. The house that had been given us by the Diocese called S. Clare's was not yet available and was still occupied by old ladies who were waiting for the completion of a smart new home which was being built for them. Our good friend William Baddeley who was then Dean of Brisbane was at that time on leave in England and so very kindly lent the Deanery to the brothers until he returned. Later they were joined by three other brothers, Illyd, Leslie and Timothy.

But when the Dean and his family returned the brothers had to move into rather less comfortable quarters at S. Christopher's Lodge. It had been terribly neglected and was in a filthy condition and the diocese were pleased to allow us to live there free of charge and repair and re-decorate the whole place. So began a rather chaotic camping existence which Simon revelled in. Gangs of young people came up at weekends to help. There was noise and paint everywhere, but yet offices were said and prayer times were kept and the religious life was lived. This life at S. Christopher's went on for a year, and the brothers grew so attached to it that when the time came for them to move into their proper place, S. Clare's, they were rather sorry to leave. They had no sooner settled into S. Clare's than the whole was burnt down, all the large stocks which had been brought from England were destroyed, and the brothers were left with literally nothing. God meant us to start in Brisbane in real poverty, and once more we returned to S. Christopher's, not now as a temporary shelter, but as our home and Friary.

Simon always preferred S. Christopher's. The setting was much more beautiful, set on a high hill with wooded hills on one side and at night the lights of Brisbane in the distance. There was more land, more room to move and Simon's eyes already were glistening at the thought of establishing a farm. He was a true follower of S. Francis with a great love and knowledge of nature and of animals. He could be seen stalking around the estate puffing a pipe for all the world like an English squire. But he also got his shirt off and sweated like the others, and gradually the paddocks were fenced and the first cows arrived. Simon enlisted the help of local farmers and many generous gifts came in so that progress was made.

Simon had a real conception of the Religious life as essentially a Christian family—informal and flexible. He hated anything rigid or impersonal, and he quickly built up a real family which men realized was home. Even before the brothers arrived one or two Australians had asked to become novices and we had them in New Guinea until Brisbane was ready. Also needy men were beginning to find their way to the friary. Timothy was working in the prison and among migrants. Leslie was good with youth groups. Iltyd was in the University. Contacts were made with the social services, and soon the house was filled to capacity with an extraordinary mixture of men.

Simon had a great gift of sympathy with needy people and a shrewd appreciation of character. His work at Hooke and the Friary in Dorset stood him in good stead here, and indeed it was increasingly obvious that the Brisbane Friary bore strong marks of similarity to both these English houses. Simon worked on the whole along well-worn rather than innovating lines, but slightly adapted them to meet the needs of Australians. He took a great deal of trouble to try and understand the Australian way of life and yet to the end he was unmistakably English in his tastes and attitudes. Nevertheless he helped a great many of them and made many friends who respected his judgements and admired his integrity and candour. He had a real care for people and a deep desire to help them to grow to maturity and fulness. He had a strong sense of poetry and a vivid imagination and his Old Testament lectures to the novices made the Bible personalities spring to life. Yet it is also true that his poetic flights could cloud and confuse issues.

The Brisbane Friary under Simon's Guardianship was a happy family, relaxed and free. It could be said to have too many things going on at the same time and gave the impression of being disorganised. This was in many ways unavoidable and part of the business of getting under way. Yet there was beneath it all a quite steady spiritual life, and the many who came to the Friary for all kinds of reasons found the grace and love of God there.

We thank God in our Pacific Province for all Simon was and all he gave to us, and for the distinctive part he played in establishing the Brisbane Friary.

Brother Paul writes :

AMERICAN PROVINCE In January Brother Lawrence and I were in England for the First Order Chapter. For us both it was a first visit. England provided us with a week of bright sunshine and beautiful weather. We both expected to freeze to death but were very comfortable indeed in the guesthouse at Hilfield. From our point of view the First Order Chapter was a great success. It was especially pleasing to meet so many of our English brothers and to see again our own Brothers Luke and John Baptist. We had no time for sightseeing nor to visit the other houses although Brother Lawrence had half a day of sightseeing under the gracious tutelage of Brother Keith. We wish to take this opportunity to thank our English brothers for their gracious hospitality.

While we were in England the friars at home had the winter Long Retreat under the Reverend Joseph Simons, C.S.C. and Sister Jeanne Reidy of the Humility of Mary Sisters. They are co-authors of an excellent book called *The Risk of Loving*, and Father Simons has written another stimulating book *Retreat Dynamics*. The retreat itself seems to have been more like a sensitivity program or group therapy than the traditional retreat. It seems to have been quite exhausting but extremely worth while in its result.

We clothed two novices in December and three in January and three more novices are to be clothed on Ascension Day.

Day Top Village is a community of ex-addicts run by recovered ex-addicts. We recently had two men out for a few days to help us understand their problems and what they do about it. We were all very much impressed by their openness and their Christian love.

We also had a visit of eight novices from the Friars Minor with their Novice Master which visit our novices returned shortly after

Easter. At that time the Minister General and our Novice Master went to their novitiate. This is a very interesting experiment in community life in another Franciscan environment.

Sister Carmeline of the Sisters of S. Joseph, Boston, Massachusetts, has been here for a seminar for our novitiate on the comic, tragic, and satirical aspects of literature with a special talk on the Christian element in the works of T. S. Eliot. She returns for another seminar during Ascensiontide.

Brother William of the Pacific Province gave several missions in the United States and came to visit us for two weeks when he entertained and inspired us with his music. Brother Timothy of the Pacific Province is to arrive this week for a few days visit and we look forward to his visit with us.

This summer the friars stationed in Florida will be experimenting in many types of work in the inner-city of Miami in an attempt to assess the possibility of our work in that area. I have just returned from my visitation to Florida, Brother Adam and the brothers are happily settled in and are doing a fine job.

Plans for our Fiftieth Anniversary Celebration in September are moving ahead satisfactorily. We look forward to having the Minister General and the English Provincial with us for that occasion. It will be a great loss to us when Brother David returns to England and we hope and pray that he will return when his present tour is completed.

Colonel Audley M. Lloyd, M.C., D.S.O.

WITH the death of Colonel Lloyd on 15 April this year one of the last links with the early days of the Society has been broken. The story of Colonel Lloyd as it was told to me when I joined the B.S.F.A. in 1925 was something like this. When the Colonel was serving with his regiment, the South Wales Borderers, in France in the 1914—18 war, he was severely wounded and lay out in No Man's Land in great peril of death. Lying there he made a vow to God that should his life be preserved he would dedicate it to God. His batman at great personal risk crawled out to the Colonel and brought him back to safety. The Colonel's injury was of such a nature that one leg had to be amputated.

After the war Colonel Lloyd paid a visit to the Cowley Fathers to ask them how he should fulfil his vow, and they introduced him to Brother Giles who was then about to found the Friary at Flowers Farm. So the Colonel and his wife

and young family lived in what we now call S. Clare's House when he acted as secretary and burser to the new community. But within a few years the Colonel realised that this was not a suitable place for bringing up and educating a family, but before he left he asked his old friend Arthur de Winton to take his place as secretary and bursar to the Friary. Brother Arthur (as he became) had just returned from being a missionary in the diocese of Zanzibar under Bishop Frank Weston.

But although the Colonel no longer lived at the Friary but at Canford Cliffs, Bournemouth, he still had a lively interest in the Society and from time to time he would turn up at the Friary in his car, very often bringing with him a wayfarer that he had picked up on the road. One of these was Dad Thompson who lived with us many years before the second war. He was with Brother Douglas and Mary Higgs, one of the founders of the Vagrancy Reform Society which did much to alleviate the lot of the men on the roads; and when in the nineteen-thirties many homes in various parts of the country were founded for the care of wayfarers, Colonel Lloyd travelled from Home to Home trying to co-ordinate the policy. He had a personal friendship with Leslie Rose, ex-catburglar, whom he once employed as a woodsman and then as a chauffeur: and spent some time with him in a London Common Lodging House, learning first hand the conditions under which the men lived. When Leslie died it was through the Colonel that his body was brought back to the Friary to be buried at Hilfield church.

He was a strange mixture of Catholic zeal and evangelical enthusiasm. While appreciating all the beauty of the Catholic religion he also got himself involved with the most extreme Pentecostal evangelist and was known to carry a sandwich-board denouncing the wickedness of the world in the nineteen-twenties. All this was combined with a puritanical streak and he spent some time trying to clean off obscene drawings in public lavatories, and there was one attempt he made with a wayfarer to obliterate the ruder elements in the Giant of Cerne.

Once when driving his car he picked up a drunk farmer and took him to his farm: and always afterwards if he passed that way he would call on his alcoholic friend to see if all was well with him. He had a very tender conscience and I remember how he retraced a long distance in his car because he had failed to offer a lift to a tramp.

During the Second World War his son was killed, and soon after this the Colonel who had been living in London at that time, returned to his family estate in Carmarthenshire. Towards the end of his life he was bedridden and almost blind. By his death there has passed a great Christian gentleman and courteous soldier of Christ.

KENNETH S.S.F.

Guardian of Brisbane

The Provincial Chapter of the Pacific Province has asked for Brother Bernard as Guardian of the Brisbane Friary, and Brother David has approved of this.

It's My Belief

A CANDIDATE for the Anglican ministry once explained that he reckoned his 'call' from the moment when, having been driving his car at considerable speed along a wet road, he discovered himself sitting in his seat, the right way up, on the other side of the hedge. For many of us, the moment of realisation of God, or of his claim upon us, is associated with some experience which jolts us out of the stream of life, along which we have been carried, and forces us to confront the matter of life and death. Talk about death is not popular because thought about death does force us out of the familiar stream of consciousness which carries us on from day to day. The difficulty of breaking away from the familiar lies in apparent meaningfulness of what we are doing most of the time, the arrangements we are making for ourselves and others, the concern with other people's arrangements which are necessary if we are to have any arrangements of our own. If we stop and turn away from our arrangements, may we not discover that it all means nothing, that it is leading us nowhere, since death makes everything meaningless? Or shall we discover ourselves before God? And what does it mean to discover ourselves before God?

It begins with the acknowledgement of a need. On the level of everyday consciousness, life may be meaningful, it may be happy and satisfying. Yet death must not be mentioned, because death would take the meaningfulness out of it, or at least make it basically and irreversibly a fragile, transitory thing which we accept only to lose. It is not the fearfulness of death in itself, perhaps, so much as that thoughts of death apparently destroy the life we have, for what it is worth, and it may be worth a great deal. Death makes the apparent meaningfulness of life into a sham. If there is such a thing as deliverance from death, it may mean deliverance from the lack of any final meaningfulness. If God promises such a deliverance, God delivers life from meaninglessness, so that the apparent superficial meaningfulness, which the necessity of death appears to destroy, may have deeper roots than at first appears.

Believers in God are often reluctant to begin here, because if they admit that God brings deliverance at this point, that awareness of God begins at this point, they fear they will be accused of wishful thinking or of immaturity, the inability to face life without the God whom

human fears invented so that mortal humans might console themselves with an illusory meaningfulness. Popular apologists have argued a little too forcefully, perhaps, that they did not believe in God because they wanted to. If we are to be honest, with God and with our fellow-men, it may be that we have to be willing to be open to the charge that we are deluding ourselves through weakness, and continue to believe in the face of it. Perhaps all one can say is, I do believe this and I cannot honestly say I do not, even if you kill me for saying it. In this permissive society, however, one does not get killed for saying it, only ridiculed. It may be that we have to be martyrs of ridicule, if we are to be honest men !

How can I say that I believe in God, in the face of someone who claims that for himself such words have no meaning ? I can say that I must believe because God has come into my life, he has brought deliverance, and this I cannot honestly deny. I did not reach an opinion that there must be ' a God ' as a result of thinking over the question of whether such an idea was reasonable. That is not what I mean by belief, though if I believe I must have a conviction of the existence of God. God was disclosed to me. Of course, the fact that I had been thrown off balance at the time may have had something to do with it. The critic might quite well claim that I needed somebody to lean on, and as there was no one else available, I leaned on a fantasy. I might find it very difficult to persuade him that this was not the case. As it appears to me, the fact that I was off balance made me more ready to receive a disclosure of God than I would have been in a moment of self-assurance. But what came to me was a disclosure, and it was not merely a supporting and comforting disclosure, it was one which faced me with a demand. I had been thrown into relationship with God and that was something I should not honestly be able to avoid in the future. To avoid it would be dishonest to the relationship I had discovered.

Suppose I walk down a particular street every day, and pass a particular man at the same doorway every day. I might very well go on passing him for a long time, and do no more than notice his appearance. I might know him by sight, as we say, well enough to pick him out in an identification parade. Yet there would be no relationship between us. Now suppose one day I am in a hurry and am afraid I am late, and I ask this man to tell me the time. The next time I pass him it will be more difficult to pass him without at least passing the

time of day or remarking upon the weather. Then suppose again that I have lost my wallet and need to make an urgent journey by bus, so that I ask him if he will lend me ten shillings. 'You don't know me', I might say, 'but I pass this way every day, and I always see you here. Perhaps you have noticed me. This is my address. Will you help me?' After that it would be inconceivable that I should pass him, and merely notice that he was there, in future. A relationship has been set up, and I am beholden to him. If I don't return his ten shillings, I shall probably start walking down a different street. Even if I return his ten shillings the following day, things are not as they were before he made me the loan.

What happens, it seems, when I find God disclosed, is that I am thrown into relationship with him. It seemed at the time that God came to my aid, and now I am beholden to him. Whether I stand by my obligation or not, things can never be the same as they were before. And I don't altogether like it being that way. For it is not a case of being beholden to an equal but of being beholden to the infinite. I find myself under an unconditional obligation. For a long time I may be fighting against this obligation. As long as I live, it may be, dislike will be struggling with the growing relationship which comes more and more to be the central point of my life. My unbelieving friend might claim that it happened because I was immature, and that he does not need the kind of comfort and support that he sees me needing. To this I can only reply that in the new status of being in relationship to God, I discover a new dimension of consciousness. It does not only comfort and support, it obliges unconditionally. If I begin to accept the obligation, or try to accept it, I find that there is a kind of seeing, an insight, which arises out of responding to disclosures of God. To him, no doubt, this will be maddening, but what else can I say?

'Religious knowledge' is of course taught on occasion as if it were knowledge of the same kind as mathematical or scientific knowledge. Knowledge of God leads to statements about God which may in their turn lead to knowledge of God in others. Or they may be taken as irrational, unsupported statements with no factual content. One may point to the coherence of the statements as indicating that they do stand for something other than the believer's whim or fancy. The objector may still dismiss it as a fabrication which the believer throws up as a shield against the real knowledge, the knowledge that in the end we are nowhere.

Is it possible to communicate knowledge of God at all? If knowledge of God is something which relates to each of us individually, can one do more than say: God is willing to be known if you will know him; if you are willing to know him and to be committed to all that will be involved in knowing him, things that believers have said will begin to make sense? It may be so. Yet most of us who would claim, with whatever trepidation, to have some knowledge of God, would have to admit that we have been and are dependent upon others' knowledge of him. The conviction that this is the real thing, come what may, can only be our own conviction. Yet somebody else has at least disclosed the possibility of such knowledge. Our own relationship with God is part of a larger corporate knowledge which has been among men since Jesus of Nazareth lived as a man among men. When we discover God we discover that we have become part of the situation which Jesus of Nazareth brought into being. We discover that some kind of language has been coined for speaking of this situation and of the relation to God in which we find ourselves. Yet from without it can still appear to be no more than a human situation in which we have got ourselves involved, and so say in that situation the things which we are expected to say.

Perhaps you can't win. But if so, you can't win in the same way in which Jesus could not win just by being Jesus—without dying.

GLASSHAMPTON.

ALBAN S.S.F.

Integrity in the Local Church

THE Parish Church is constantly on show. What it does is interpreted, and in many cases misunderstood, in its neighbourhood; similarly, what it doesn't do. Much of this interest is centred on the activities of the visible leader, the parish priest. And the interest is there, even when it appears most hidden.

It is in this context, that we are right to think out the issues on which we believe we must stand firm. There is great debate these days about the role of the church. The debate is not limited to theologians, or even to parish clergy, but is participated in by every ordinary resident in the parish. He will usually see the church, on the one hand, as a body of enormous financial and property resources, and on the other

hand, as the local vicar (and his people, sometimes) who are seen to be good, or bad, or boring, or whatever. The man is commenting on what he sees, and is thereby sharing in the debate about what the church is, and what it could be. Here is the core of a concern for integrity, for nothing matters more than being what we should be. Any deviation from this, for good reasons or bad, is a blow to us in the church, and to the locality, not to mention the blow it is to our God.

Of course, we tend to take our stands on things which are easy to define. We try to be honest ('no', I told my friend the car dealer, 'I am not willing to turn the mileometer back', in order to get a better price on my second hand car). We refuse to remarry divorcees ('after all', we say, 'the service assumes life-long union, doesn't it?') We must, at all costs have open youth clubs since worship involves freedom not to. All right, these things are true and maybe we are right. But what about the less definable issues? Take our appeals for money. Nothing undermines our life in the locality more than the constant begging we all feel we must engage in, to support the institutional life of the church. It says to people: (a) the church needs to appeal to non-members to keep itself in business; it can't believe itself to be very important, (b) the church disagrees with Jesus, who said, 'Blessed are the poor', and (c) after all, everyone *is* in it for what they can get. Good luck to him. Even Christian Stewardship campaigns have left a public image of 'it's your money they're after'. When I changed my car, I was regularly asked, 'Good collection this week, vicar?'

Well, supposing a parish manages to overcome this national failure of the churches? We would then be free to forget things and instead concentrate on people. Here, we think, we are on safer ground, for people matter more than things. Yes, they do. 'Come to church on Sunday', screams the notice. Underneath, in large letters: 'Sermon, What God is Like. The Vicar'. What does this say about our essential role as a church? To people driving past, it says that the church is more interested in telling than listening; that the man has a pretty high opinion of himself; and that the church needs to recruit (to run better jumble sales, with a bit of religion on Sundays?) Or, if I may assume a higher motive, they actually want to convert me—who the hell are they to say I need converting? And after what that vicar's wife said to my mate who was serving in the supermarket last week!!

We are only going to show people we believe that they matter more than things if we respect their integrity, and our own. With fantastic condescension, the church comes to people, as though they had never heard of Jesus. A parson takes over a new parish, and to listen to him, you get the impression that the Word of God has never been preached before, and that the people who have lived in these streets around all their lives (long before he turned up) don't know what the church is for. One explanation of the fact that most of the people do not worship in a church on Sundays, is that they know, as we know, that the church no longer stands for being disciples (learners) of Jesus, but has become instead, every thing else that is left over, fund-raisers, party-organisers, cheap psychiatric advisors, promoters of church-services (with an extra effort on Mothering Sunday, when we might get a few more in), baptis-ers, marry-ers, bury-ers (more useful opportunities), anxiously-not-offending-Mrs. X-ers, and everything else that's out of the main-stream.

If people really matter, we must meet them with integrity. We must expect that their point of view may provide as vital an insight into the meaning of this life as any churchgoer or priest may have. We must anticipate that meetings between a person with faith and a person without faith, will not be a Teach-In, so much as a dialogue, in which *both* may hope to learn more in understanding the world with which both are wrestling. We of the church, have got to *earn* the privilege of being heard. We can only do this if our lives show that being with God, in our conscious way, has made a difference to us. We in this age inherit a rather bigger task, because we share a tradition of arrogance and condescension which has resulted in the church taking people seriously until they seem likely candidates for conversion to church attendance.

Some who read this may object that I have been too hard. I advise them to stand on the terrace of a football stadium on match day, and ask people there what they think of the church. Or to watch people's faces as they pass the vicar sitting outside 'his' church on a gift day. Or to call on the house of any non-churchgoer in their parish, and humbly ask them for their opinion of the church, and be prepared to stay long enough to get through the first polite ten minutes, in which they will be told, unless they are lucky, that Father So and So is a nice man.

There are, thank God, parishes where much of what I have written is untrue, because priest and people over many years, have been filled with a vision of a Holy God who cares for his people. For most of us, the return to integrity is made all the more difficult by our structures and crying needs of the present moment which divert us from the essential task.

Here, I want to illustrate by referring to the Chelmsford Diocesan Baptism policy, which we operate here. For the first time, we have a reasonably clear, thought-out way of meeting people at a moment of particular need, in this case, of joy at the birth of a child. Until now, we have been under instruction to go out and seek children for baptism. Now, with this policy, we are also able to offer them an alternative service of Naming and Blessing. Parents are released into a real choice, between making some weighty Christian promises they may only half believe, and simply thanking God for their new child, and asking help in their parenthood. I have personally found an extraordinary release in going to parents with this honesty. Because the church first put its integrity in this matter in order, the parents find themselves free to be honest and open about their beliefs and faith, and their doubts.

One day, we shall have to face the same issue about marriage. But even now, these occasional offices demand that the 'pastoral opportunities' be used as opportunities for people to deepen their understanding of life, of marriage, illness, death, birth, rather than as opportunities to turn people into church-goers. Of course, we believe that participation in worship, and being within the Body of Christ will make our understanding of life more profound. But how many people attend worship all their lives and never take much in. This fact is clearly seen by our neighbours who don't come to church. They don't hesitate to say so. We are very wrong to concentrate all our concern on filling up a church building (forgetting that even crammed ones only cater for a minority).

Our Lord, in contrast, was always asking people to be making real decisions about the large issues of their daily lives, and it is here that the church has most often failed. Think of the old parishes, with their enormous staffs who visited the faithful every week, making sure that they came to church. Can it be said that these 'faithful' had made a real decision to worship regularly? Surely, the issue was wrong (churchgoing at the centre, instead of life), the people were wronged

(by not being free to make their own decisions) and the leaders were wrong in the definition they gave to their role.

The Role of the Church must be seen in terms of the locality, this is of people-not-in-the-church. We do have a role here, for we share with them two things, that God made us, and that we live here. Here, our role is to live our lives for God ; and to be available. There are many ways of putting this. We are to be the Body of Christ ; we are to be the redeeming remnant. But we will have no role at all, as a *church*, unless we are in touch with our God. That is all. Then, we are simply on show, redeemed, being sanctified, but on show to a critical, but also gratefully interested neighbourhood. We are open, and willing to serve, and slowly, over a lifetime, the church acts out its role, as the leaven in the lump.

There is nothing new in this. But what astonishes me, is the way in which we so easily lose our way. We are unable to see it, through the confusion of our minds, and the confusion of the world, as well as the church. Even the great restatement, in our own time, of the truth that the church must be the servant of the world, reveals itself all too easily as an empty kindliness, rushing around meeting needs that don't exist, buttering up over-dependent people, whose real need is to be made to stand on their own feet before the world, and their God ; and so we end up, failing to take the people of our parish with any real seriousness.

This article has been a plea that the church should stop, and actually ask the question—what is our primary task ? We need to listen to the world as we seek an answer, and look in the area of the church serving God's world. When we have defined it, priest and people must work out what this will mean in their way of life. There will be pressure to act our other roles, which are not the task we believe God has called us for. Judas asked Jesus to adopt a political solution, and Jesus had to say 'no'. He suffered for staying in role. And Judas represents the world in its other self. The world does long for the church to be Christ in the life of today, but it also hates the prospect of Christ in its midst. What is needed really, is for the church to do away with all those things that set up false barriers between ourselves and the people who are not of the church. Then, we shall know that the hostility we face will be genuine, like that shown to our Lord, and we shall be really able to face the cross Jesus asks of us. But an honest look into my own heart provides me with this answer : that

it is because following the way which rids us of all falsity and escape from the realities of our calling as Christians is itself also the way of the cross. It not only hurts those around us, but it hurts *us* as well. And that could explain why it is, that over much of our life, we all, church and neighbourhood, have a pretty clear picture of what the church should be like, but not the courage to implement it.

CANNING TOWN.

ROBIN BENNETT.

Saying ' Yes ' With Integrity

‘ WHY did you become a friar ? ’ This question is often asked (rather shyly) by those who listen to talks about our Society. They ask lots of other things first but it is this question that really interests them, even though they feel diffident about intruding into something they sense is very personal. Listening to a friar for the first time, they are wondering : what makes him tick ? is he a real person ? is being a friar something more than a pose ? And no amount of information about more superficial things, no ways of apologetics for the religious life in general, no attempt to justify the religious life by what it achieves are satisfactory alternatives for an answer to this question. But it is a question that many of us find it hard to answer.

‘ Because God called me ’ is the quick reply. It might also be no reply. It leads to ‘ what were the circumstances ? how did you feel ? how can you be sure ? ’ These are questions which test the reality of the simple assertion. Hopefully they are questions which the friar himself has wrestled with during his noviciate and in each new circumstance that challenges him. The circumstances for each of us were different. Most of us met a friar or group of friars. We liked them, admired them, approved of what they were doing, thought that they stood for something which rang a bell in us. Maybe we wanted the opportunity of growing in prayer ; perhaps we saw the value of itinerant ministry within the parochially-based Church ; perhaps we saw the evangelistic potential ; perhaps the caring, the social work, the work with outsiders, attracted us ; perhaps, it was the sense of belonging, being part of a group that made the appeal. And so we visited a friary. Watching what went on, we tested our first reaction and ultimately (maybe with a struggle) decided to go and test our vocation.

To say it like that makes it all very calm and easy. Maybe it was some terrible tragedy or deep uncertainty that shook us into seeking a new way of life. Perhaps it was unhappiness with the circumstances of our life, either our home life was miserable, or our job was boring or unsatisfactory, or we couldn't see where the future was taking us. We wanted a new purpose, a new rationale, a new commitment, and the community seemed to provide all these. It may have been our need that brought us as well as our aspiration. But we found that the selves we brought with us were with us still. Exterior things changed when we became friars, but did we change? Was the Community the answer to the problem of me being me?

Coming to grips with who we are and who God is—this is what makes both entry into the religious life and continuance in it a struggle.

Every choice is a limitation. To marry Cynthia means I can't marry Mary. To be a vet means I can't be an engineer. To live in the country means I can't have the amenities of the city. To be a friar means I can't be a Trappist or a married man or a success in business. I may kick against the limitations which any of my choices determine. I may try to go beyond them and get the best of all worlds. I may think I made a mistake, or if I had the same choice again I would do differently, but such re-actions may divert me from living to the full within the limits I chose. I come to know myself through the choices I make. My dissatisfaction with the results may be a dissatisfaction with myself.

The struggle for identity may be much more painful for some than others. They may have more possibilities open to them, more choice of jobs, more competing desires, more basic uncertainties, a more complex personality. They may have huge difficulties in settling for any one choice which seems to deny another part of themselves. But the choice not to choose is to remain at sea, dilettante, superficial, vacillating, never exploring in any depth any part of my being. So in the end we choose, though it may only be with fifty-one per cent of ourselves and the forty-nine per cent has to be carried along.

What is the friar settling for? On the surface he can expect the solidarity of belonging to a group, an identity made blatant by the habit, security of work, food, and necessities of life. Maybe the talk of sacrifice then is bogus. The friar may feel deep down that once he has made the basic choice he is freed by the vows from decisions

about work, sex and money. He may argue that this is a freedom which leaves him free for other sorts of decisions or he may settle for not deciding any more.

If he thinks he has settled for peace, he is likely to have another think coming. 'There is no peace in the desert', says the desert father. The warfare is interior as well as in the environment. We cannot escape from ourselves or from our brothers or from those who intrude into our lives. Relationship means choice and even if we were hermits there is still the relationship with God and ourselves. There is no escape from standing before God and being responsible for who we are.

The friar's integrity is the same as that of everyman. It is to stand before God and say 'Yes'.

The 'Yes' that we give to God is the heart of the religious life. Conversion is the turning of every part of our personality to God. It is the making of our whole being an affirmation of God—a glad co-operation with Him—a sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving. A friar believes that for him the affirmation includes being a friar. He believes it is God's way of bringing him to perfection. He became a friar because not to have become a friar would be to say 'No' to God. By the skin of his teeth maybe he managed to say 'Yes', believing that it was beyond all else a 'Yes' to God. He may not have understood why it was necessary, it may have seemed terrible to deny other parts of himself, he may have said 'What are you doing with me, Lord?', he may have said 'Is it really what you are asking, or is it something I've dreamed up, something I'm doing for myself?' 'is the conviction that you are asking this a delusion?' 'How can I be sure?' And in the dilemma Father Kelly's comment 'You can't be sure, that's the giddy joke' may have seemed cruel, but yet may have freed him to accept the uncertainty, to take the risk, to gamble that God is, to bet his life that God asked for this 'Yes', and so falteringly, hesitatingly, to give it.

The odd thing is that behind all this struggle involved in making the choice there can be the sense that all the issues are secondary. That though one may flutter like a frightened bird picked up with a broken wing, yet the hand of God is sure. As though He says 'It is alright, trust me, don't fuss, the choice may seem all-important but I love you whatever you choose'. A sense that God hasn't a pre-

determined path for us which to deny is to risk hell, but 'that he has set my feet in a large room'. Behind the secondary choices there is a God to trust. And so in my own flutterings I talked one day with the Mother of Compton Durville and the next received a card which just quoted our Lord's words (John 15: 16) 'You have not chosen me, but I have chosen you'. It seems to me that God allows all our flutterings to enable us to give ourselves more fully, but He Himself is primary.

Whatever a religious does, whether he is enclosed, active, involved, modern, renewed, 'with it', or whatever, he is witnessing to the fact that God is and that to trust Him is the one thing that really matters.

If this is the affirmation that religious are making just by being religious, one can understand people's attitudes to them. They may admire them inordinately ('I do wish that I could have faith like yours'). They may look to them for stability amidst change ('the religious are the heart of the church'). They may be unnerved when religious reflect the same uncertainties, confusions and search for the role which the rest of the church and the world is engaged in ('What are religious coming to?'). People sometimes want the stereotype and from outside simplify its complexity.

The stability of a religious is in God and God only. He is tempted as everyone else is to depart from God. The pressure of the world may make him try to justify himself in wordly terms—by being useful, by being relevant or something like that. This is idolatry ('Fall down and worship me'). But the pressures of the church, or of the community may tempt him to a different form of idolatry, that of conforming to custom, expectation, orthodoxy, ritual and thus depart from the living God. A community has choices about its work, its style of life, its way of government, and the individual has choices about the way he contributes to the decision-making and the living within the decisions. He cannot make anything, however good in itself into an absolute, or he will deny his vocation. His vocation is to serve the living God with all his being.

Let me illustrate the sort of choices that a community must make today. The Sisters of the Church in Australia ran good, fairly expensive, girls' boarding schools in the cities. The schools met a real social need and they had to be expensive to pay their way. But inevitably they catered for one stratum of society and the Community

came to feel it was not to serve rich people only that they were called. It took great courage to close a school, and live in a little house and earn their money alongside the masses of ordinary people. Franciscans, especially have to think of their work in relation to poverty. The pressure is always to conform to a settled middle-class way of life supported by gifts from people of that sort. Should friars earn their living (Francis did say the brothers should work with their hands) or rely on gifts from the living or the dead? A community must search its heart and the world around it to find real needs to which its own limited, but God-given, life can contribute. If it is the sort of task which enables the Brothers to earn at the same time (e.g. the school at Hooke) all well and good, if not, abandonment to the divine providence means that it must be undertaken in the faith that if God means it to be done he will provide the necessary. Or again, a community has to decide how much of its time is to be spent in prayer and its own maintenance needs and how much in active service to the world. This is a question of special importance to Franciscans. How far can it allow its time-table to be shaped and deviated from by the needs of those it is serving? Or again, how much freedom, individually, can it allow its members and still remain a coherent group? How far is its way of life enabling the brothers to grow to their full maturity as unique reflections of the love of God? How far does insistence on conformity and obedience to community norms assist or diminish this growth? These, and many similar questions, can keep a community open and on the move. In these days when communities are bidden to renew themselves according to the gospel and ideals of their founders they are questions which no community can afford to ignore. To ignore them is to die and I don't mean only die for lack of vocations, but die to its true vocation to serve the living, moving, God.

Answers to these questions will be made in the day-to-day life of each brother by the choices he makes. They will be made by the brothers talking together, by the decision-making leaders and Chapters. They will be made by exterior circumstances and the things which happen, the things people say, the pressures which the church and the world bring. In all this the friar will look for the will of God. For he believes that an exterior conformity is not sufficient. He is indeed called to be a stereotype of total commitment to God, but he is called also to be a *person* totally committed to the same God, and part of the community of such persons. He believes that in dying to self

within the confusions of secondary decisions, he rises with Christ in the affirmation of resurrection and thus he grows in the spirit to say 'Yes' with the whole redeemed creation. 'Lord, help me to say "Yes".'

PLAISTOW.

BERNARD S.S.F.

Integrity in Moral Decisions

WHEN I use the word integrity in relation to the moral decisions which in life I have to make I am implying that those decisions have to stand up to the test of what I am trying to be and do in human living and that whatever standards I apply must be standards which will make sense and work in life. If the dictates of a moral code whether that of Church or society do not really enable me to fulfil myself as a person or are contrary to what actually works in every-day living then my own integrity will be at odds with the standard and honesty will demand that I shall scrutinise that standard carefully and in the last resort act by the demands of my own conscience. Integrity, therefore, demands a certain freedom in relation to authority and a realism in regard to the situation in which the moral decision has to be made. Nobody if he is trying to pursue integrity is entitled to take on authority something he does not conscientiously see as authoritative for him. He must follow his own conscientious judgement: this is the light that is in him. He must have the freedom to choose and equally the freedom to choose rightly or wrongly. Such a morality may be a risky morality but it is the kind of risk which must be run if we are to be the kind of people who are learning through trial and error how to make mature and responsible moral choices as adults and not as children who need rules. Integrity also demands the kind of realism which knows that all moral choices have to be made within a given situation and therefore does not seek ideal solutions or the desire to find a rule which fits every situation but rather seeks with as full an understanding as possible of the given situation and with the help of others involved to work out what does make sense and work within that situation.

If we look now at the background of the society in which moral decisions have to be made today we shall see that the very nature of

our modern society demands this kind of freedom and integrity in the making of decisions. It is not a society which tends to accept authority lightly. Some two or three years ago the magazine *New Society* made a survey to try to discover what contemporary moral attitudes were and the conclusions were : ' at the present time there is little confidence in a morality based upon conformity to generally accepted absolute standards . . . the moral worth of an individual is seen to rest on his achievement as an individual rather than on his comparative success in conforming to some absolute standards. Personal values and the criteria of moral value thus seem to be undergoing change towards increasing emphasis on the individual's integrity rather than on his conformity to generally accepted absolute standards '. The secular society in which we live is a neutral society in which no one authority or philosophy is regarded as binding upon all individuals. In such a society no group is given the right to pressurise the whole of society with its moral codes, and in such a society members are allowed considerable freedom in determining their own patterns of moral behaviour : the function of law will be to diminish rather than to increase the persecuting tendencies of human nature, and to intrude as little as possible into matters of private conduct as recent laws have shown. This is good in that the secular society unlike authoritarian societies tends to treat people as adults rather than as children and it is necessary in the search for integrity that people should be treated as adults.

But there is another side to the neutral character of our society : a neutral society tends to be a society which, precisely because it has no prevailing philosophy, is lacking in a sense of meaning and purpose. The lack of this is a lack which in many ways is reflecting itself in modern society : many of our modern plays and novels are concerned with questions of meaning—Camus, Brecht, Pinter, Osborne all reveal through their writings a society which is frustrated and meaningless asking questions about the purpose of man and the values of human living : the recent musical ' Hair ' is a kind of liturgy of the meaning of love in life and its unacceptability to most sections of society. The recent student protest in all parts of the world is a protest which has been described as a ' massive assault upon the lack of values in modern society '. The search for mysticism and the vogue of Indian mystics, the words of many of the pop and folk songs, even the turning to drugs all reveal in different ways a society which is hungry for some

sort of meaning and purpose beyond the status symbols and 'success' fetish of modern living. The search, therefore, for an integrity in living which is based upon an understanding of the nature, purpose and end of man is a real search today and one which offers great opportunities for the Christian to bring to moral decisions the understanding of man as working out in life the resurrection through death experience : the knowledge that much has to be dead and buried in myself, in society and in the Church if new life is to be born.

In a society which is empirical and complex as modern society is there will also be the need for considerable flexibility and relativity in the making of moral decisions. Integrity will demand not that we proceed to apply rules or a code to the situation in which we find ourselves but that we shall need to work out, guided by the norms of experience from the past and the present, what is the best solution possible in given circumstances. Modern man approaches problems by isolating them from irrelevant considerations and bringing to bear upon them the knowledge of different specialists, and then being ready to accept provisional solutions which seem to be the best possible. The approach of integrity to moral problems in this age must of necessity be a situationalist approach : here is the given situation, how do we deal provisionally in the best possible way with that situation, what do we need in the way of training and attitude to living to form a right assessment. As a writer recently said : 'Relativism means that we appear to be coming more and more to a consensus that there is more than one way to look at any matter and that what is said and done can be called true or false only in the terms provided by the particular point of reference'. In present day society with its complexity and empirical approach the only kind of integrity which will make sense will be not the application of this or that rule or principle but rather how do you *do* morality. The *doing* will be the important thing and the doing will be by attending to the facts, being moderately logical, attending to others feelings and taking into account other peoples interests. It is not surprising that in modern society the sociologist and the psychologist have become important in moral decisions because the sociologist attends to the facts of the given situation, the psychologist attends to the understanding of the human being who has to deal with the situation. But this kind of relativism need not be deplored by the Christian : it is the kind of relativism which is realistic and which would take the point of view of morality

which Harvey Cox takes when in *The Secular City* he writes : ‘ There is no reason to believe that the standards we live by came down from heaven inscribed on golden tablets. We can accept the fact that value systems like states and civilisations come and go. They are conditioned by their history and claim no finality ’.

Integrity then in making moral decisions will mean coming to life with a certain sense of meaning and purpose determined by the Christian view of man and his fulfilment in living, and in the light of that meaning working out within the given situation how that purpose is best fulfilled. It remains briefly to consider what that meaning and purpose will be and what kind of training best helps a person to *do* morality in the given situation.

It seems to me that the Christian view of man and his purpose is best illustrated by three quotations : the one when Christ says : ‘ I am come that they might have life and that they might have it more abundantly ’, when Irenaeus takes up that saying and says himself : ‘ The glory of God is man fully alive ’, when S. Paul spells out the function of the Church as to bring men ‘ to mature manhood measured by the fullness of Christ ’. Therefore to glory in life and to see men as mature means to see the world of man as good, to rejoice in the many activities which secular life has given us, to see significance in ourselves and in others and to take responsibility for the world in which God has given to man the mastery of created things. We shall unite ourselves with all that is creative in human living and work against all that is destructive thus fulfilling in our lives the life through death theme which is the basis of our Christian theology. All too often the Church has seemed to shirk this sense of fulfilment and joy in human living, has either seemed to try to escape from the world into a sort of Christian ghetto, or all too easily simply accepted the world’s standards and values, or else, especially in sexual matters, tried to make men feel guilty and presented a picture of a Church more concerned with prohibition than with fulfilment. As a Roman Catholic writer puts it : ‘ The world is sick for the Church but the world will not confess it as long as the Church poses as her rival ’. But the Christian view of man is also that his fulfilment is not limited by his earthly existence : he is made in the image of God and the hope is held before him that he ‘ shall be perfect as his father in heaven is perfect ’. Teilhard de Chardin puts this ultimate hope in the following words : ‘ Mankind as a whole possesses a future : a future consisting

not merely of successive years but of higher states to be achieved by struggle. Not merely survival but some form of higher life . . . mythology is filled with the deeply rooted resolve of earth to find its way to heaven that men may be absorbed into God'. The meaning then which we bring to all decisions of human living is a meaning of man fulfilling his purpose as both child of man and child of God : fulfilling himself by complete involvement in the world but also as bringing an eternal and not simply an existential perspective on the world. We strive in every moral decision which is to be made to contribute to the deepest needs of men so that the costliness of the love which is his ultimate goal may be realised in the here and now.

With this kind of meaning and purpose at the back of all living, the working out of that in given situations will demand that opportunities be found for discussion and consideration of problems at each stage in living : for the young at school there will be the need to work out what connection each subject taught has with the purposes of living, how responsible human relationships are made and the place of sexuality in those relationships : in work situations those facing common problems will need to share experiences and work out solutions—so for example at the Training Centre in Southwark, groups of advertisers met to consider what was legitimate and what was illegitimate pressurisation in the field of advertising, groups of architects and town planners met to consider the relationship of building and planning to full human living and their responsibilities for what was built and planned, executive business management met to consider the relationship of automation to redundancy and the questions of responsibility to productivity and to people which faced them equally, social workers wished to examine the needs of neighbourhood in relation to the proper role both of the statutory and the voluntary services. Neighbourhood morality also had to be threshed out—the problems of areas where coloured and white met, the problems of housing, of neighbourhood responsibility for social inadequacy, of how far the pressurisations of class and background affect our decisions. Other subjects discussed related to the field of personal fulfilment, e.g. what is the true fulfilment of the divorced person or the homosexual. In all these fields it was taken for granted that if decisions of integrity were to be made they could only be made through the sharing of group experience, through the working out in relationship to true human fulfilment and responsibility and not according to preconceived patterns of moral code or law.

The search for integrity in moral decisions is a difficult one and by its very necessary relativism and demand for maturity will be one of risk rather than of certainty : it will often mean that one learns to ask the right questions rather than to know the right answers. It will require sympathetic and trained insight in the training of the young who are being brought face to face with moral decisions : it will require a theology of the Church which is much more concerned with the expression of positive joy, hope and creativity than with rules and prohibitions and guilt. But I believe that it is the only viable approach in this society and will, in the long run, lead to a more mature morality than any following of authoritarian rule could do. Moreover it is fundamentally the approach of Christ himself in his dealings with people, and modern psychological and sociological thinking only confirms the approach which was already His.

CAMBERWELL.

DOUGLAS RHYMES.

If S. Francis . . .

IF S. Francis kissed the leper because he saw Christ in him, was this an immoral act on the ground that care and love are due to others simply for their own sake and for no other reason—not even for the sake of loving Christ ? Integrity, so the argument runs, means total sincerity ; if Francis saw Christ in the leper, then his motives were not pure ; he was caring for Christ, to worship Him or serve Him or even be rewarded by Him or possibly convert the leper as part of the Christian mission. To put it bluntly—there is a suspicion among non-Christians that our motives are dishonest because of our ‘ mission ’. The impurity may not be crude ‘ Pie in the Sky when you die ’ but it may be all the more powerful for being concealed.

We ought to admit that some ‘ Christian ’ motives have been dishonest. ‘ “ He that giveth to the poor will be rewarded ” said the egregious Mrs. Fairchild, slipping a shilling into the poor man’s hand as she left the church ’. There is Bishop Christopher Wordsworth’s hymn in its original form : ‘ Whatever Lord we lend to thee, repaid a thousand-fold will be, then gladly will we lend to thee, who giveth all ’. Or there are those more subtle attacks on our integrity which arise from a subconscious satisfaction in doing good and establishing a reputation in our own eyes and possibly in other people’s for being generous, even for being a ‘ man for others ’. When ‘ the Servant

Church' becomes a slogan rather than a conviction, motives may be muddled.

On the collective scale as on the personal this attitude can be disastrously self-defeating. 'Rice-Christianity', or the giving of aid as an inducement to accept the Gospel has been equally suspect in the East End of modern cities and in the underdeveloped countries. It is not an accident that S. Francis Xavier, one of the most imaginative of modern missionaries, who had a subtle appreciation of the personalities of those to whom he expounded the gospel, is known for the hymn 'My God, I love thee not because I hope for heaven thereby . . .'. An even earlier protest against the loss of integrity which followed the Constantinian establishment of the Church, is reflected in the patristic story of the woman who paraded through the streets of Alexandria with a jug of water in one hand and a torch in the other declaring that with the water she would quench hell and with the torch destroy heaven so that men might love God for Himself alone.

But integrity is not destroyed because there is a danger of wrong motives. S. Francis loved both the leper and Christ. The smiling reward of the heavenly father is not incompatible with total altruistic love for the human sufferer. There are rewards and rewards. We call a man mercenary who marries a woman for her money or because he thinks that she will become the fellow of a college and so advance his own academic career. But we do not call a man mercenary who loves his betrothed and hopes for marriage, because marriage is love in consummation and made permanent. A general who fought well in order to become a member of the House of Lords or gain a hero's reputation would be mercenary, but one who fought for victory and peace would not, because these rewards are appropriate and in no way sap the sincerity of the general. A hard-working suburban or east end parish which rejoices when the church is full for Easter, or the parish holiday abroad is fun, is not mercenary for these are appropriate gifts of a gracious father to those who believe that love is at the root of human motive. 'God became man in order that we might become divine' is an assertion that single-minded service of God is also single-minded service of man and carries the same intrinsic satisfaction.

We must remember too that though the last temptation is the greatest treason—to do the right act for the wrong reason—the treason damages the individual concerned while his actions may rescue the other. Supposing that the Good Samaritan had known that his act

would be told to all posterity, still the man who fell among thieves would have been genuinely saved. The modern politician, in fact all modern leaders, are bound to be ambitious. What is required of them is the courage to be unpopular, the magnanimity of mind and spirit and imagination to be able to heal the wounds of man today. Their integrity matters to millions not only to themselves. Mixture of motives must be accepted by all self-conscious modern men since Freud, who have any degree of self-awareness. If purity of heart is to will one thing we are all aware how impossible this is. And yet we must act and always edge towards the living, righteous act, the act of the man of integrity.

All contemporary men, Christian or humanist, understand the difficulty of integrity, for which we search so hard. It is noticeable that this longing for a sincere singleness of purpose, always the pursuit of the men of God, called righteousness, or purity of mind, or altruism, is one of the links which bind men together across religious and ideological barriers. There is a special blessing from the hidden God, who works anonymously without proclaiming his love with a trade mark or requiring a return for his love, on the constant and often agonized search for integrity.

LINCOLN.

ALAN WEBSTER.

Books Received

Sermons in Solitary Confinement, by Richard Wormbrand, Hodder and Stoughton, 21s. ; *Depth Psychology and a New Ethic*, by Eric Neumann, Hodder and Stoughton, 35s. ; *Red Sky at Night*, by Leslie T. Lyall, Hodder and Stoughton, 5s. ; *Aspects of the Biafran Affair*, by George Knapp, Britain-Biafra Association, 2s. 6d. ; *Judgment on Hatcham*, by Joyce Coombs, Faith Press, 45s. ; *Marital Breakdown*, by Jack Dominian, Darton, Longman and Todd, 30s. ; *The Bible in History* : Vol. I—Abraham, Loved by God, Vol. II—Isaac and Jacob, God's Chosen Ones, edited by Joseph Rhymer, Darton, Longman and Todd, 21s. each ; *The Revelation of God*, by Yves Congar, Darton, Longman and Todd, 32s. 6d. ; *Infallibility in the Church*, Darton, Longman and Todd, 9s. 6d. ; *Catholic Anglicans Today*, edited by John Wilkinson, Darton, Longman and Todd, 25s. ; *Theology and the Future*, by Eric Mascall, Darton, Longman and Todd, 16s. ; *Listen Pilgrim*, by Christopher William Jones, Darton, Longman and Todd, 12s. 6d. ; *Ministerial Priesthood*, by R. C. Moberley, S.P.C.K., 21s. paperback, 35s. cloth ; *The Scrolls and Christianity*, edited by Matthew Black, S.P.C.K., 18s. 6d. ; *Marriage Counselling* by Kenneth Preston, S.P.C.K., 15s. ; *Prayers for Pagans*, by Roger Bush, Hodder and Stoughton, 16s. ; *The Soldier's Armoury* : July/December, 1969, Hodder and Stoughton, 3s. ; *The Evangelicals* by John C. King, Hodder and Stoughton, 6s. ; *Letters to an American Lady*, by C. S. Lewis, Hodder and Stoughton, 25s.

Books

Philology and Exegesis

Words and Meanings. Essays presented to David Winton Thomas.

Edited by Peter R. Ackroyd and Barnabas Lindars (S.S.F.). C.U.P. (1968) 45s.

The retirement of Professor Winton Thomas from the Regius Professorship of Hebrew in the University of Cambridge after a tenure of thirty years is an event which all Hebraists have witnessed with some emotion. An outstandingly good teacher, his contribution to the study of Hebrew is internationally recognized and praised. To mark this magnificent record, Professor P. R. Ackroyd and Brother Barnabas have co-operated in editing a *Festschrift* entitled 'Words and Meanings'.

Fifteen essays upon various Hebrew and Old Testament themes by pupils, colleagues and friends of Professor Winton Thomas, together with a bibliography of his writings, are brought together by the editors. The contributions range from those that are more technically philological and linguistic (*e.g.* Emerton on 'Difficult words in Genesis 49' and G. R. Driver's *tour de force* on 'Another little drink' [in Isaiah 28]), to those that display interest in words for the light that they throw upon theological or institutional problems (*e.g.* Brother Barnabas on 'Law in Deuteronomy' and Phillips on

'The Ecstasies' [*sc.* Prophets'] Father'). The result is that the book is pleasingly varied, and it can be recommended to others than those who are professional Hebraists; (—though for them it will clearly be, like the curate's egg, good in parts).

Ackroyd, in the opening article, discusses the general problem of the relation between philology and exegesis, and in his review, sometimes somewhat artificially, adverts to many of the more famous contributions of the scholar honoured by the volume. The essay, if treated with a certain caution, should afford to the non-specialist an idea of the greatness of Winton Thomas' methods, and also something of the perplexity that these methods raise in the mind of the (theological) exegete.

A foreword to the volume by the Archbishop of York happily voices the gratitude to Winton Thomas of the Anglican Church—especially for his magnificent work in connection with the Revised Psalter.

'Words and Meanings' can be commended as a fitting tribute to a great man. A. A. MACINTOSH.
S. JOHN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

Affirming the Faith

All One Body. Edited by Timothy Wilson. Darton, Longman and Todd, 45s.

This book has a personal interest for many of our readers because it was conceived last July at Richard and Patricia Moberley's when Eric James (companion) was talking with Oliver Green-Wilkinson (tertiary) and other Bishops assembling for Lambeth.

Eventually Tim Wilson (companion), with the help of Donald Allchin (companion) arranged to talk with the Bishops individually and tape their replies to questions. The result is a forty-five shilling book of four hundred and three pages (held together by a paper

cover) in which fifty-three Bishops say what they think about how the faith is being lived out in their dioceses. Tim has skilfully retained the vividness of *ad hoc* interviews in a succinct and readable essay form.

The book is valuable because it makes us aware of the atmosphere in our very various Anglican dioceses; but it has a deeper value. Eric James, in his introductory preface, talks about 'loss of nerve' and the need for re-assurance that the church is doing a worth-while job. I read the contributions to see how far the bishops were affirming the faith and finding ways of expressing and relating it. In this way it is a very personal book. Each writer's distinctive witness contributes to the one Body and by its form the book is saying something about the nature of the church.

I found the four contributions from English dioceses excellent in their realities and acumen and am very grateful for what the Bishop of Durham says about the role of the clergy. I was impressed by the contribution from the 'fourth world', by Bishop John Chisholm, our tertiary in Melanesia,

Bishop John Vockler, who has now left Polynesia to join our Society, and Bishop George Ambo of New Guinea, who speaks very appreciatively of our Society's work. They show the contribution of faith, worship and integrated life which these Christians can bring to our pressurised and disintegrated societies. Space does not permit me to comment on any more of the extremely varied contributions. I can only say that I began by thinking I would read a few at random and soon found I wanted to read them all.

My overall impression is of men doing a variety of difficult jobs, in a realistic pragmatic way. They see the possibilities but accept the limitations and are kept going by the courage which believes the Christian faith and understands something of what it says about the world's great need of community. It is a tag of contemporary group work that 'the leadership function is exercised at the boundaries'. It is reassuring to see that our Bishops are not so swamped by the maintenance needs that they can't look beyond.

BERNARD S.S.F.

God, World and History

Borderlands of Theology and other Essays.

By Donald M. Mackinnon, edited and introduced by George W. Roberts, Associate Professor of Philosophy in the University of Kansas, and Donovan E. Smucker, President of Mary Holmes College, Mississippi.

Cambridge University Press, 75s. In U.K., Lutterworth Press, 35s.

The papers here were collected together by American friends of Professor Mackinnon, who have jointly contributed an introductory essay. To this he has added an essay of his own. The papers themselves occupy some two hundred pages, of which fifty at the end are concerned with strictly philosophical questions, of metaphysical and religious language, and on verifiability,

including a review of John Wisdom's *Paradox and Discovery*. The rest fall into two nearly equal halves, on theology and philosophy of religion, and on ethics, politics and history.

It is inevitable that such a collection should contain a good deal of variety in quality, and some repetition. To review it all is clearly impossible. I should like to concentrate mainly on

three comments on particular thinkers, Scott Holland, Kierkegaard and R. G. Collingwood. The essay on Scott Holland is valuable in emphasising his independence, at key points, of Green and Oxford idealism: 'If Green had taught him to look always for spiritual continuity, the New Testament spoke to him of life out of death, of gulfs crossed not by the development of an immanent spiritual principle but by the act of God'. This has a particular interest for a disciple of Herbert Kelly, an awkward young man in whom Holland took an interest. It does something to explain the tension between Father Kelly, who was always talking about what God is doing, and the *Lux Mundi* school. Professor Mackinnon defends them all from the charge of bondage to neo-Hegelianism, but his zeal in doing this arises partly out of the kenoticism of his own Christology, which does not prevent him from calling Bishop Frank Weston's *The One Christ* 'a truly great book'. His own kenoticism has more to do with Kierkegaard's 'divine incognito' and Studdert-Kennedy's polemic against 'the formal doctrine of impassibility' than with Gore's questions arising from the problem of inspiration in the Old and New Testaments.

With Kierkegaard Professor Mackinnon has something in common, enough to enable him to make a surprise comparison between him and Bishop Butler, who 'has this in common with S.K., that he recalls men from the abstract and general to the concrete and particular, that he insists that no moral teaching can possibly bear on our condition that neglects the multiplicity of our concerns, the irreducible complexity of our nature, the fact that for us men the way to a final simplicity must lie very often through the painful dealing, stage by stage, with all that

that complexity involves for us'. Both S.K. and D.M.M. are resisting 'the all-embracing, all reconciling synthesis of the Hegelian dialectic'. But we in our age are concerned with another kind of reason, proceeding from the realism of Bertrand Russell and G. E. Moore. In an autobiographical passage Professor Mackinnon says: 'Whatever else they did, the philosophers of the Cambridge school seemed to me the settled foes of metaphysical immanentism; it was this that attracted me *religiously* towards them'. Their kind of atheism 'seemed a more honest and somehow less corrupting thing than the monistic insistence on, for instance, the rational necessity of evil to the articulation of the good'.

And yet the last of the Oxford idealists had something to say too. 'When Collingwood talks about realism he is not so much concerned with a doctrine concerning the status of objects of perception as with an attempted flight from the besetting problem of man's historical existence'. Is the search for 'some point at which men could give an unconditional validity to their commerce with the real' a way of escape from 'the sort of scepticism which must beset any thinker who takes history seriously', who knows that men have seen the same world very differently? Professor Mackinnon takes history seriously, and also fiction. He denounces those who disapprove of reading novels in the morning.

I can see how this fits in with his insistence on the gravity of our present predicament, on the need to speak out loudly and clearly about our power to destroy. I find it more difficult to account for the strain of polemic against those who 'ignore the rootedness of the Christian faith in what is logically contingent, in what is in principle observable, in this case audible, by

tired men'. 'We cannot allow any seriousness to Christianity's claim to truth unless we can also claim factual truth in a simple and ordinary sense for propositions concerning the way' Jesus of Nazareth approached his death in the agony in Gethsemane. Some who are entirely aware of 'the crucial importance'—not only for the philos-

opher—'of reckoning with what does and does not exist' could not go so far as this, but this is because their knowledge of the divine incognito in Christ is subject to the same limitations as other historical knowledge that comes to us through literary sources.

KELHAM.

GEORGE EVERY S.S.M.

Alive to the Hour

Lambeth Essays on Faith, Unity and Ministry.

Edited by the Archbishop of Canterbury. S.P.C.K., 3 vols., 14s. each.

In preparation for the Lambeth Conference, the Archbishop of Canterbury invited two dozen contributors to write essays bearing on the subjects to be considered by the Conference's committees. They were circulated privately to the bishops to aid their reflection before the Conference, and are now published in three quite short volumes, dealing with the three main areas of the work of the Conference—Faith, Unity and Ministry.

It is hard to know how to assess them, but they came together in relation to the Lambeth Conference and it is best to see them in that context. As it turns out, they are the chief theological fruit of the Conference, and that in itself is an oddity. By contrast with the magisterial decrees of Vatican II., serving as text for countless succeeding pronouncements and expositions, Lambeth produces essays written at the Archbishop's personal invitation before ever the Conference met by a heterogeneous group of persons. Yet the essays reflect not unfairly the issues which aroused the Conference's chief interest and the mood for which it might be glad to be remembered. They almost all try to look great questions in the face, and there is no attempt to cover difficulties by smooth, reassuring statement. If the Conference's memorial

is to draw attention to the questions chiefly demanding Christian thought and action, rather than to fit us out with a new set of authoritative texts, it has no doubt contributed usefully to defining the proper task of theology.

The range of subjects should be seen in this light. The welcome sensitivity to the present is most striking in the essays on Faith. They cut right away from the traditional programme of doctrinal topics and go straight to some of the key questions raised for Christian faith in the world of today. David Jenkins displays pungent vitality in expounding the debate about God and what the Church stands to learn from current atheism. D. L. Munby, economist, brings many sharp questions from the side of contemporary social developments. Others write on questions posed by the other great faiths, by Marxism and by Humanism.

The other two volumes, on Unity and Ministry, must inevitably feel more domestic. Yet we find here no thankful withdrawal to the Church's fireside concerns. These essays have the same spirit of alertness to the needs and dangers of the hour, the same openness to radical questions. Perhaps because there is so little new to say, the essays on Unity are less striking than the rest. In an area where others have recently

become so active, Anglicans and Anglicanism have lost some of their formerly distinctive usefulness.

To some extent, the same is true on the Ministry. Yet there is a fine, frank exposure of all ills in Bernard Pawley's essays on Oversight and Discipline. And one or two of the other essays attempt genuine theological construction and not merely the reporting of developments in the Anglican world.

If Lambeth 1968 deserves remembering in any measure for these essays, it is largely for those on Faith, which give the lie to the charges of introversion and narrow vision, and show minds

at work which are fully alive to the Church's most urgent opportunities and needs.

Not all are equally easy to read or equally well-written. Some are frankly turgid, one or two almost trivial. Apart from the uniting occasion of their writing, they are in danger of appearing a rag-bag collection of pieces. But a Communion which can evoke occasional writings as alive to the hour as these essays has not lost all title to a theological hearing or to power of theological leadership in a Christian world which lacks it.

OXFORD.

J. L. HOULDEN.

Dialogue with God

The Function of Theology. By *Martin Thornton*. Hodder and Stoughton, 30s.

I have always read Martin Thornton's books and often had violent reactions to them, but for once I can say a hearty well done! The Thornton of my past does not show through this book. Here he deals with the subject of the trend in modern people, not just churchmen, to buy and actually read books dealing with theology. Never have so many people produced so many books, theology is pouring from the press. Words, words, words! With all the contemporary interest in theology why is the church in such a bad way? Father Thornton tries to answer this question.

The study of theology should lead people to the person of God, yet it does not. Christianity is a response to the person—Jesus Christ, not to the Nicene Creed, or to the church. You cannot have dialogue with a creed, only with a person. The New Testament makes it crystal clear that the dialogue between God and man is manifested in Christ. Where do you meet Christ? First in other people, then from intercession, Eucharistic worship and the Bible. Father Thornton shows that the function of theology is to communicate with the

person of Jesus whom we meet in all these ways.

His chapter on prayer as the interpreter of theology is excellent. He is critical in a constructive way of the Daily Offices. 'What is it for? Let us be honest: if the constant repetition of a curious translation of a set of ancient religious folk songs, interspersed with doubtful legends relating to a primitive tribe, is the church's way of inspiring love, devotion, intellectual understanding and religious edification, then the church is not just out of date, it is insane'.

Father Thornton calls for a modern much shorter Office for modern people and goes into the theology of corporateness and the transcendence of the office. He compares the Office to a married man who writes long love letters to his wife each day, when all she really wants is to be kissed!

In this book each chapter deals with theology in a good readable style. Since so much theology is being bought, read and discussed, why not invest in this most valuable book about the Queen of the Sciences? LUKE S.S.F.

Mutable Deity

The Gospel of Christian Atheism. By *Thomas J. J. Altizer*. Collins, 18s.

'A century and a half of historical scholarship has demonstrated that the Bible contains a diverse body or series of traditions and imagery that resists all theological attempts at harmonization or reconciliation'. Here (p. 89) Doctor Altizer somewhat naively reveals one of the things that is bothering him. But is it not truer to say that the unsystematised images correct each other and so make some shift towards describing the indescribable? Another of the author's worries is a vivid and unpleasant image he has nevertheless managed to form of the God of Israel, 'the God whose very reality and power crushes the spirit of a man' (p. 87). This God, he says, is dead, and that is the 'gospel' with which this book is concerned.

If we say that 'God is dead' we may mean that God is a supposition which was once held to be true, but can now no longer be held to be true; or we may mean that, say, two hundred years ago practically everybody had an idea or image of God in their mind, even if it had little effect on their daily conduct, and that this is no longer the case. However, by 'the death of God', Doctor Altizer does not mean the death of his image in men's minds. It is not a striking way of describing a prevalence of scepticism or a paucity of committed Christians. God pours himself totally into the human person Jesus, so that Jesus is God in the sense that God is to be found nowhere else. 'God himself becomes fully incarnate in the "Word" or "Body" of Jesus and thus he ceases to be present or real as the God who alone is God' (p. 73). What does this imply about God? 'God moves forward in history by negating his present and previous modes

of being; only insofar as he ceases to act and exist in a given manifestation does God evolve a new form' (p. 88). So '... God has died in Christ, and ... the death of God is a final and irrevocable event' (p. 107). As a result, man is liberated 'from every alien and opposing other', and this 'makes possible his transition into what Blake hailed as "The Great Humanity Divine"', or the final coming together of God and man' (p. 107).

Doctor Altizer is claiming a quite original understanding of what Christianity is about, which he declares has come to light through the insights of Nietzsche, Hegel and Blake. How is one to decide whether this is all the product of a sick imagination, or not? By intuition, one supposes. Does it look right? According to Doctor Altizer, 'Radical Christianity poses the real question which must now be addressed to the Christian: is faith speakable or livable in the actuality of the present?' (p. 139). But suppose my deepest intuitions compel me to say, 'I do believe in, and must commit myself to, the Jesus of the New Testament and the God he calls Father, though with fear and trembling'. Does this mean that I am not 'living in the actuality of the present'? It does not seem so to me. It is in the 'actuality of the present' that I am challenged by the living God.

It is true that encounter with God is 'a terrifying experience of awe and dread', and it is precisely because this is so that 'God is love' is not a platitude. It seems to many ordinary men that it is, and Christianity is therefore associated with pale curates and insipid tea-parties. A living God who appears to threaten them is the beginning of the good news. Human life and human

values appear to be threatened by the impersonal universe and by the apparently impersonal forces which shape their environment. God too appears to present a blank and hostile

face, until we discover that *this* God, the mighty and terrible, is love. If he is dead, there is nothing and we are nowhere and there is nowhere to go.

ALBAN S.S.F.

Church and Home

Marriage Counselling. By Kenneth Preston. S.P.C.K., 15s.

This book is one of a series under the general title of *Library of Pastoral Care*. The author is the Vicar of S. Gregory's, Horfield, Bristol, and an experienced marriage counsellor. This book has the value of growing out of the experiences of working with other people and not mainly out of the reading of other books. There is so much that is wise, sane, and using that word with respect, admirable common sense. With that, a refreshing absence of that kind of writing, which may be emotionally warm, but adds little to our understanding. Frequently we meet with a shrewdness which can be dry and sharp. 'If we feel that by nature (or grace if we prefer it that way) we have sensitivity or insight, then it is highly likely in fact that we are particularly obtuse and insensitive in our relations with other people, and this fact is disguised only from ourselves, an adoring wife and one or two sycophantic parishioners'. I am not so sure of the wife! He has wise words to say about asking searching questions, sensitively and delicately but without fear, for fear disturbs the other.

In a study of directive and non-directive counselling he advises that we must not swing to the extreme that directive counselling has no place. He emphasises the value of non-directive counselling in the hands of an experienced and sensitive counsellor, but is of the opinion that it can be disastrous when picked up as a technique by someone who only imperfectly

understands what it is. His advice is that the counsellor must not become inflexibly one or the other. Taking up the complaint of some clergy 'If only people would come to us with their problems', his reply may not be acceptable to some 'that if we have taken the trouble to be properly equipped for this task, then we shall have difficulty fitting in those who want to come to us for Counselling'.

Chapters follow on the causes of breakdown in marriage. One of the commonest causes is said to be the lack of communication, though unearthing the roots of this may be a slow business. Such sayings as 'My husband and I never have a cross word. We never quarrel', must not be accepted as an unsolicited testimonial. In the chapter on sex he makes the observation out of his experience that 'other things not normally listed as "infidelity"' can do much more harm to a marriage relationship. There are interesting discussions on 'Prevention of Breakdown' and the church as a 'Belonging and Accepting Community'. In the first instance he offers evidence that we live in a society which is much more concerned with cure than with prevention. In the second he urges the importance of the supportive fellowship of the church, but criticises our failure with the 'odd person out'.

This book is by its setting concerned with the work of the 'insider' perhaps not with the complete 'outsider' but

with many on the fringe. We are therefore warned that a Christian is not necessary a better counsellor than one who is not. The Christian Faith is not a substitute for the learning of good Counselling technique, but a Christian, properly equipped, has also an inestim-

able gift to offer, which is the grace of God in Christ. The last Chapter considers the priest in his function as a Social Worker in the Community and discusses various organisations, with which he may find himself working.

LOTHIAN S.S.F.

Behind Apartheid

The Church in South Africa. By *Peter Hinchliff*. S.P.C.K., 9s. 6d.

This small book of one hundred and seven pages, is one of a new series called *Church History Outlines*. In an interesting way, and in fifteen short chapters, the history of the South African church is spread before us from the seventeenth century, with the arrival of the first Dutch settlers, to the present day. Such a bird's eye view enables those of us who are unfamiliar with the history of church and state there, to understand a little better how the present situation has evolved, and to see that there is no easy solution to it. In a day of missionary enthusiasm, every conceivable mission in Europe regarded the newly discovered sub-continent as a happy hunting ground for its doctrines and teaching. Such is the scandal of the divisions of the Body of Christ, that being blind to those divisions, they assembled themselves like a puzzle and claimed a stake there. It is a sorry history of faction, jealousies

and secession. Moravians and Methodists, the London Missionary Society and the Anglican Church, the Dutch Reformed Church in its divided parts, the Berlin Missionary Society, the Paris Evangelical Missionary Society, the Scottish Presbyterians and Ethiopianism, not to mention the Roman Catholics, all played their part at different periods. Some seed fell on good ground, of course, but the failure of the church as a Body to listen, and to express its love through co-operation on a basis of equality with the African peoples has given ample ground for the tares to spring up, and these appear to have crystallized into the hideous form of apartheid—'apart-hate'—which still has to be faced for what it is, fought with and utterly destroyed.

A very readable little book, giving just that background knowledge we need for a true assessment of the present situation.

ADRIAN S.S.F.

Mark's Witness

The Beginning of the Gospel . . . By *C. F. Evans*. S.P.C.K., 6s. 6d.

The four chapters which make up the contents of this book were originally delivered as 'Chaplaincy Open Lectures' during the Lent Term of 1967 in the University of Kent at Canterbury; to an audience comprising members of the public, as well as undergraduates of the university.

The foreword to the book states that the lectures were 'intended to provide, for an audience not theologically trained, some biblical teaching of a high academic standard', and, 'that they would be willing to work by attending seminars between the lectures'. It is as well perhaps for the reader to bear this in

mind when approaching this volume, since it may give an impression of incompleteness ; raising puzzling points about the gospel without giving explanations—these presumably were discussed at the following seminars.

The book discusses the Gospel according to Mark, and the important issues of the Miracles, the Teaching, and the Person and Passion of Christ—as this evangelist presents them—are all touched upon, albeit briefly since the whole book contains only eighty pages.

Some of the questions raised are : did Mark write for believers or non-believers ? is the ending as we know it complete or incomplete ? what particular meaning of the word 'gospel' prompted Mark to select and present his material as he has done ? These, together with the tremendous problem which confronts any biblical scholar in assessing such titles as 'Son of Man' and 'Son of

God', contribute to making Professor Evans' book a most helpful guide to theological students and all others who aim at a more serious study of the Gospel, its sources, and the evangelist's purpose in writing it.

Those hoping to find clearcut solutions to the many puzzling problems which the book raises will be disappointed ; such solutions Professor Evans does not attempt. What he does, and most successfully, is to present his own scholarly findings in a readable form, and provides the stimulus which will encourage many readers to undertake a more extensive study of Mark's Gospel (for which purpose a comprehensive bibliography is appended) ; though he admits that in our search for the beginning, by studying Mark's narrative, we find ourselves 'not at the source, but already well downstream'.

ANGELO S.S.F.

Fellow Citizens

Vicious Circle. By Wilfred Wood and John Downing. S.P.C.K., 6s.

Racial barriers are born of fear and mistrust. If they remain they will only reveal their fragility and ineffectiveness, in the long run, to prevent the objects of these fears from being realised.

This book sets out to give simple answers to the questions : Why does Britain have immigrants ? Why does she fear them ? It then goes on to show why such fear is groundless. It goes on to attempt the difficult task of explaining what the Christian can do to allay such fears. Not only is there a task to be performed by the Christian, the book states, but that task is clearly his duty.

Rather frightening accounts are given of our present treatment of the coloured

immigrant, from the Old Bailey jury, who acquitted a police officer of perjury, in a case involving a West Indian, *after* he had pleaded guilty and evidence had been produced to prove his guilt, to a P.C.C. who criticized their vicar for paying too much attention to the black members of his congregation, and not enough to the subscribers to the building fund, not exactly following Paul's promise to the Gentiles : 'Thus you are no longer aliens in a foreign land, but fellow citizens with God's people, members of God's household'.

TRISTAM S.S.F.,
Novice.



THE BRETHREN AT BRISBANE LAST YEAR
INCLUDING (*right foreground*) THE LATE BROTHER SIMON